

The Australian

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S

WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

JULY 30, 1949

PRICE

6^d



Gown by Dior

Dishes with a difference

by ELIZABETH COOKE



"Food value and economy need *not* fly out the window when novelty flies in" says Elizabeth Cooke, famous Cookery and Nutrition Expert of the Kraft Kitchen.

She proves her words with the two interesting recipes shown on this page.

Elizabeth Cooke says "Cheese has come into its own. One of man's oldest foods, long neglected as a cooking ingredient—especially in Australia—now takes its rightful place alongside meat, fish and all the accepted 'staples'. Hot cheese dishes offer you irresistible appearance, high food value, economy and surprising versatility".



KRAFT CHEESE SOUFFLE

Yes, your cheese soufflé will look just like the one pictured above. It's made with Kraft Cheese, and that means it will not only cook perfectly, but it will bring to your table a mellow, thrilling flavour that's a dream of eating delight.

You'll need—2 tablespoons of butter or margarine; 2 tablespoons of flour; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of hot milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt; dash of cayenne; 6 ounces of Kraft Cheese (it is important that you use Kraft Cheese); 4 eggs.

Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Shred the Kraft Cheese and, when the sauce is thickened and smooth, blend in the shredded cheese. Stir occasionally until the cheese has smoothly melted. Now add the beaten yolks of the eggs. Allow to cool. Beat the whites of the

eggs until stiff and fold into the cooled mixture. Pour into an eight inch casserole and, with a knife, make a circular cut right round the mixture about two inches in from the edge. (This makes the high 'cap' of the finished soufflé.) Bake in a very moderate oven for 70 minutes and serve at once. This recipe serves 4.

Successful cooking requires careful following of these thoroughly tested recipes and the use of the ingredients named. Kraft Cheese is excellent for all cooked cheese dishes because it keeps its true cheddar flavour no matter how you cook it. *Kraft Cheese is a bargain in nutrition.* There is no rind on Kraft Cheese—that means no waste. It stays fresh to the last slice in its hygienic foil wrapper and it is an unequalled source of high quality proteins, calcium, phosphorus, vitamins A, B2 and D and other valuable milk nutrients.

KRAFT SPAGHETTI RING

So nice to come home to. This nourishing main course dish has everything to put a winter-sharpened appetite in its place. Check its dietetic value and you'll find it has just about everything. You'll need—1 tablespoon butter or margarine; 1 tablespoon flour; pinch of salt; dash of pepper; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk; 1 egg; 2 cups of cooked spaghetti; 6 ounces of Kraft Cheese; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk; mixed cooked vegetables (French beans, broad beans, lima beans, peas, chopped carrots or any other combination that appeals).

Prepare a cream sauce with the butter, flour, seasonings and a cup of milk. Add this to the slightly beaten

egg. Add the well drained spaghetti. Pour into a greased ring mould. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 40 minutes or until firm.

Shred the Kraft Cheese and melt it in a double boiler with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. (Be sure you use Kraft Cheese, it does melt perfectly.) Unmould the spaghetti on a warmed serving plate. Pour hot cheese sauce over it. Surround the ring and fill its centre with hot cooked vegetables. This recipe serves four.

IMPORTANT—Both of the recipes on this page were tested with Kraft Cheese because of its well-known cooking properties. For best results in cooked cheese dishes always use Kraft Cheese.

Elizabeth Cooke says

"KRAFT CHEESE

**tastes better because
it's
BLENDED BETTER"**

**No rind—no waste
Always fresh**





By **GEORGE BRADSHAW**

JANET WHARTON gasped. "Going to America! Just for a holiday! John, that's wonderful." She laughed a little unsteadily. "Wonderful," she repeated, "but somehow a little out of character. What is it? Adventurer's blood stirring in your veins?"

"No," John Stevenson said cautiously. "It's just that I've got friends over there, connections of my mother's people. They keep begging me to go, and, well, it seems a pity, with the extra leave I've got due to me this year, not to seize the opportunity."

He finished lamely. Unaccustomed to half-truths, he felt miserable, a little guilty.

They were walking home from the municipal library, where they were both employed, to Mrs. Burnett's boarding-house, where they both lived. It was a night in spring and the air was lazy.

"I'm sorry," John Stevenson said, "to spring it on you. Actually, I've er . . . had it in mind for some time. It's all fixed up. Amazing how easy it is once

you've decided. You leave London one afternoon and get to New York for breakfast the next day."

"It sounds unbelievable." She paused and then said quickly: "I'm glad, John. I think it's a splendid idea. Where do your friends live? In New York?"

"No." He hesitated. "In California." And as if that called for still further justification of rashness, he hurried on. "I'm thirty-six, Janet. I want to see America, particularly the West Coast, while I can still think of myself as young and reckless."

"Young and reckless! Oh, John."

John Stevenson laughed. "I know. I'm neither and I never have been."

They turned into the polite street on which sat Mrs. Burnett's polite boarding-house.

"Still, one must begin some time to be young and reckless," John said.

"Of course," she said comfortingly. "You go to California, John."

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 30, 1949

A little madness in the Spring

AirSpun



No other powder can be made this way.

No other powder is made in a choice of 6 great perfumes.

And to get the last touch of perfection from your AirSpun Powder, use Sub-Tint Base, another unique Coty invention.



'AIRSPUN'
and
'SUB-TINT'

Powder, 8 shades, 5/-
Sub-Tint, 4 shades, 7/6

A Little Madness In The Spring

Continued from page 3

JOHN smiled, relieved that, though Janet had absolutely no idea of why he was going, she still approved of him.

John Stevenson sat in the patio of his hotel having breakfast. The view was typical of Southern California: bright flowers and a swimming-pool and, farther off, hazy mountains.

John drank his orange juice and pondered a double irony: what Janet Wharton didn't know, and what he did know. For certainly, if she knew what he knew, she would consider him immensely young and reckless; yet he, knowing, felt neither.

A page boy stopped at his table. "The car will be here at eleven to take you to the studio," he said.

"Thank you," John said. John Stevenson was exactly what he seemed to be; the librarian in a small Midland town. He was, as he had said, thirty-six; outwardly there was nothing very extraordinary about him; but what terrified John Stevenson was that he was obliged to admit that there was nothing very extraordinary about him inwardly.

It was not a recent fear. Two years before, on his thirty-fourth birthday, the fear had become so acute that he had decided to do something about it. That decision was why, now, he was in California. John had written a book.

The book was an examination of his nineteenth year. His theory was that, in the retelling, he might capture those high emotions of youth which, in the living, the year had so noticeably lacked.

Fortunately for John, the year he was nineteen had been a period of disappointment, adventure, courage, ingenuity, suspense, and rescue. At the time it had seemed nothing but a series of fearful misadventures, but John saw, looking back, that he had the material to make exactly the story which he wished he had felt.

He wrote his book as a long love letter to the girl he had rescued in his nineteenth year: "To Mary Lou, Wherever You Are."

"To Mary Lou" was by no means one of the grand successes of the year, but it was a modest best-seller. "To Mary Lou" did not sound like the sort of book a respectable librarian should have written. So while his name appeared on the cover, it went unremarked; the world is full of John Stevensons.

Presently a film company announced to the Press that it had bought the rights of "To Mary Lou," and invited John to come out to California for six weeks as a technical adviser at a handsome fee.

And that was why John went to Hollywood to advise on the film which was being made solely because when he was nineteen his father died and his young son was forced to earn his living.

John did what a good many disheartened youths have done before him: he went to sea, but not on a romantic windjammer or a dirty tramp, but on a glistening, cruising liner; he was, in fact, a cabin boy on the first-class deck.

John Stevenson did not get round the world in that liner. When he was halfway, in the midst of nowhere—for the company, bent on providing some romantic experiences for its passengers, had plotted the cruise far from the usual places, with the result that, at this particular moment, the ship found itself among the Solomon Islands—John jumped overboard.

It was not a quixotic jump. He jumped to save a woman who had fallen from a deck far above him. It did not seem brave; perhaps it all happened too quickly.

He was standing in the little space of deck—it was near the water—where he was allowed to take the air; it was some time after midnight, the temperature was warm, the ocean seemed friendly. He saw the woman fall and struggle. He threw a couple of lifebelts towards her, called to a waiter who was standing at a companionway, and then jumped. He reached the terrified woman in a few minutes.

She was a pretty thing—he had seen her among the passengers—older than he, but not more than twenty-two or twenty-three. He got a lifebelt fastened round her, slipped into the other one himself, calmed her as well as he could, and then looked to see if the ship were turning round.

It was not; it had not even stopped.

Later there were, of course, many explanations and excuses for this action. But theoretical common sense brought little comfort during the next few hours.

The girl's name was Mary Lou; she came from Pasadena, California, she was with her father and mother, she had been sitting on the rail, alone, looking at the stars when suddenly she had lost her balance.

She was in no way prepared to die; she clung to John and comforted herself by assuring him that daddy would make them turn that old ship round and come back.

John took what comfort he could from the fact that the fast current might lead somewhere. It did.

At the first smattering of dawn they made out the silhouette of a palm-fringed atoll, but better—oh, far better—they soon saw, not three hundred yards from them, a fisherman standing on a reef, a spear in his hand.

They called. He soon reached them in his canoe, and in half an hour they were on dry land, at a little cluster of huts.

John Stevenson's first day in a motion-picture studio was not what he had imagined from the books about Hollywood.

He appeared to have been expected; he was quickly led to the office of the producer, who greeted him in excellent English; he was given an opulent lunch in the company of people who were rather wittier than he was; he was treated with unobtrusive respect.

It was only when he was taken on to the set to see a reproduction of the atoll that he felt at all uneasy. He had promised himself to keep his mouth shut, but this village was not a Solomon Islands village. The flowers: these hedges and walks and bushes and gardens of flowers which here in Hollywood had been so casually and carefully planted and arranged.

"If I might suggest . . ." John said.

Whatever the many abilities of the natives of the Solomon Islands are, landscape gardening is not one of them. John remembered the hard-packed ground round the house of the headman, Uli; it did not show a blade of grass.

The lack of any sense of purpose in the natives had almost driven him crazy.

It had begun that first day. To him and Mary Lou, their rescue took on the quality of a miracle, and they expected something to be done about it.

True, they did not imagine they would be snatched out of the Pacific, given rooms and baths and telegraph forms; but they did expect a little more than momentary interest in the clothes they were wearing, and then almost total apathy.

At first John put the situation down to the barrier of language.

Though Uli and some of the other men spoke pidgin English, John did not, and it was several days before he realised that those monotonous sounds were a perfectly efficient means of communication.

However, even after both he and Mary Lou were able to talk fluently, they could find no native who would sustain much concern over their plight.

Life on the atoll was not actively unpleasant. John and Mary Lou were supplied haphazardly with a place to sleep and food.

Mary Lou was naturally indolent, and in the end fell into a routine which passed the time for her much as beauty shops, lunches, and films had at home.

But John, after he had built a house and learned how to fish and cook, and had found out, from Uli, just what they were in for, took action. He opened a school for the children.

For it was plain that getting away from the atoll was to be a matter of chance. The two large canoes in which the natives went to the "big island" had been destroyed in a hurricane the year before, and others could not be built until suitable wood appeared.

At the age of nineteen, there was no conscious reasoning on John's part; he felt rather a philanthropic urge to do something for the natives in return for the care they had taken of him, and such are the patronising effects of one year at a university that teaching seemed the obvious gift.

It was only many years later, looking back, and knowing the way his life had gone, that John realised what he had done, and regretted it.

It was the moment for recklessness. He was young and healthy and well put together. He was cast away on a Pacific island with a beautiful girl. He should have swum and laughed and danced and sung the golden days away . . .

As the months went by he saw less of Mary Lou than he had at first. She had begun to blame him, because she had to blame someone, for the fact that they were stuck on this old island.

She had an endless daydream about the lawsuit she was going to make daddy bring against that old steamship company.

They had been on the island a little more than six months when the means for their escape arrived. There was a night of terrific storm, and six days later trunks of six trees floated by on the current. Four were hauled over the reef and pulled up on the shore; two of these were good for big ocean-going canoes.

Work proceeded with what seemed maddening slowness to John and Mary Lou, and it was over two months before the voyage was begun.

Mary Lou and two of the strongest natives went in one canoe, John with Uli and another man in the second. John knew almost nothing of navigation, he could not help but be appalled at a trip in such frail craft, but escape he must.

They went on, from island to island, sometimes stopping for impromptu feasts, but never for more than a night.

Then, the day before they were to get to the "big island" where Australian planters lived, Uli's canoe had to stop for repairs: Mary Lou in the other canoe went on.

It took them days to repair the canoe, and when John and Uli arrived at the trading post Mary Lou had taken the little inter-island steamer which would get her eventually to New Zealand. John had to wait six weeks before a tramp sailing vessel took him away. He finally reached Australia and was sent home to England.

Please turn to page 20

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

64 **TIM**

Military Secret

THE annual dinner of the Silshire Fusiliers hadn't gone too well, partly because General Sir Wilfred Oates-Pingal would keep on talking about how he had dared and not died at Hill 60 and nobody seemed frightfully interested, perhaps because Hill 60 was two wars away.

Even at the bar afterwards, spirits were low, perhaps because spirit was lower and the long line of aristocratic Hapsburg-cum-polo-cum-de Vere-de Vere faces glowered morosely at the pale portions of non-exportable whisky reposing meagrely at the bottom of their easily quaffed glasses.

Brigadier Epsilon, who felt that he wasn't being paid the attention his rank demanded, detached himself from a group moodily discussing the chances for an increase in next year's soap ration and loped along to join his old friend Colonel Squilkin-Jones, who was licking with dignified despair round the rim of his empty glass.

"Hello, Squilks," the brigadier said. "Been talking smut as usual?"

"I'm as silent as a peak on Dar-lau or perhaps it might be Dakar; anyway, I never could remember those beastly new war names," the colonel said.

"Pity," the brigadier said. "Smut's the only thing that isn't rationed these days."

"I think the old boy'll win the elections all right," said the colonel, who was slightly deaf.

"What elections?" the brigadier asked.

"Not collections; elections," the colonel said. "The South African elections. Frightfully important, don't you know? What Capetown thinks to-day Moscow does to-morrow; or perhaps it should be Madrid. Anyway, that's what Churchill said or it may have been Aneurin Bevan."

"I said 'smut,' not 'Smut,'" the brigadier said.

"There's no earthly need to shout like that, Epsilon," the colonel said. "I'm not deaf. I'm perfectly well aware that you were talking about Field-Marshal Smuts."

The brigadier gave it up.

"All right, Squilks," he said. "You win."

"Anyway," the colonel said, "how you ever became a brigadier has always been a mystery to me. It's not as though you were ever on active service. As far as I know, you spent the entire war defending this island fortress."

"I hope that you're not accusing me of cowardice, Squilks," the brigadier said, beginning to get angry. "After all, somebody had to stay at home, and it wasn't my fault that I wasn't allowed overseas. I put in my name over and over again, but my application was always turned down. And in any case, I've got a scar to show for my promotion, which is more than a lot of people can say."

"A scar, Epsilon," said General Sir Wilfred Oates-Pingal, who had become wearied of talking about Hill 60 and had padded up behind a preb brandy. "I didn't know chaps were promoted for courage any longer. Tell us about it."

"That's right, Epsilon; tell us about how you became a brigadier," said several other officers, who, attracted by the sounds of an argument, had joined the two disputants.

"It's a long story, really, and I don't know that it's frightfully interesting," the brigadier said.

"Tell us, Epsilon," General Sir Wilfred Oates-Pingal said.

Brigadier Epsilon was sufficient of a soldier not to dare disobey a general, even though he wasn't on the battlefield or the parade ground or



saluting about an indent for sardines.

"All right, sir," he said. "Mind you, I'm not going to maintain that what I did was as brave as capturing three Hun tanks single-handed, but I still claim that what I did required moral courage."

"I couldn't agree more," Colonel Squilkin-Jones said, with a fiery light burning in his pale blue eyes. "Immorality's gone down the drain like everything else, but what else can a chap expect from a socialist government?"

"Never mind him, Epsilon," the general said. "Tell us about how you became a brigadier."

"Well, when war broke out in 1939 I found I'd been put on the staff with all the boillings of a full colonel," the brigadier began.

"Of course, I was getting a bit long in the tooth and anyway I knew I'd got it coming to me ever since the day that little Field-Marshal chap, Lord Haig, said to me at Cambrai in 1917: 'What's the matter with you, Epsilon, is you've got brains? Of course, I didn't like to look insulted as he was senior to me in rank. I was only a captain then.'"

"Funny," he said the same thing to me," the general said.

"But, of course, there was a difference."

"What was that, sir?" the brigadier said.

"I had them, old boy," the general said. "Ha, ha! Funny. What?"

"At first I was put in charge of eggs for the A.T.S.," the brigadier continued with dignity. "I know it doesn't sound frightfully dangerous, but it was pretty mathematical. Every A.T.S. was to have two-sevenths of a boiled egg per day, no less and no more, so the Erewhonian Command order ran."

"Of course, at first I was a bit puzzled as to how an A.T.S. could have two-sevenths of a boiled egg per day without the yolk making a beastly mess of her uniform, but I soon worked it out that that meant that each A.T.S. was to have two whole eggs every week."

"I take back what I said just now, Epsilon," the general said. "Pretty hot, that. How'd you do it? Trigonometry?"

"I admit that old Grunter helped me a bit," the brigadier said modestly. "He's a gunner, you see, and used to working out about how to shell the right target by mistake. Well, anyway, he had his reward all right, because after the Battle of Britain he was transferred to Intelligence. I was sent to help old

Cheedles with Passive Air Defence; P.A.D., as we called it to confuse the enemy."

"The things you chaps think up," the general said.

"Well, we had a roving commission, running all round Erewhonian Command, seeing that various headquarters had their fire buckets properly filled. Cheedles was a major-general, of course, and he didn't always like it when I had arguments with him about what kind of water the fire buckets should be filled with."

"You stuck out for wet water, I hope," the general said, thoughtfully crumpling his moustache into his glass and licking it afterwards.

"Fortunately, we both agreed about that," the brigadier said. "It was about changing the water in the buckets that we used to quarrel. I argued that clean water was more allergic to fire than dirty water and that, therefore, the water in the buckets ought to be changed at least once a day. Cheedles said that it didn't matter how dirty the water got so long as it didn't evaporate, in which case it ought to be replenished and not changed."

By BRUCE MARSHALL

The brigadier frowned. "My point, of course, was that the mere fact of there being dirt in the water meant that there was less water to put out the fire with, as the dirt must take up some room."

"Seems logical enough," the general said.

"Of course, I was on the science side at school," the brigadier said modestly.

"Well, in the end, we agreed to refer our difference to higher authority, and, pending their decision, not to put any water in the fire buckets at all," the brigadier said. "And as the higher authority had got surrounded in Tobruk it was some time before a decision came through, but when it did it was in my favor, and, of course, that didn't make me frightfully popular with old Cheedles. Then one day I got sudden jabs of the most awful toothache."

"Sore thing, that," the general said. "I once had appendicitis."

"Thank you, sir," the brigadier said, blushing with pleasure. "Well, the blighter hammered on my back tooth with a whopping great pick-

"I'm not saying I won the war single-handed," the brigadier stressed, "but—"

axe, but he said he didn't want to take it out until I had had the root X-rayed. The X-ray wallah lived just round the corner, so along I paddled and had the job done while a pretty girl looked on and said thirty bob afterwards. Then as the negatives were still wet they hung them on a sort of prong affair and told me to take them back to the dentist."

"Well, just as I was turning the corner, a young whippersnapper of an Intelligence Corps major came up as bold as brass and saluted and said: 'What is that you've got in your hand?'"

"Say 'Sir' when you're talking to a senior officer," I said, sharply but not unkindly, because I'd never forgotten how decent the late Sir Ian Hamilton had been to me in the last show when he told me that he didn't think I was entirely subhuman. And of course it worked. "What is that you've got in your hand, sir?" he asked, as meek as a lamb."

"All the same, I'm glad you put him in his place," the general said.

"It doesn't do to let those young chaps say what they please."

"What I have in my hand has nothing to do with you, young man," I said with kindly dignity," the brigadier continued.

"In that case, sir, I'm afraid that I shall have to ask you to accompany me to my headquarters," he said.

"In that case, I shall have no option but to comply with your request," I said, because I've never believed that a senior officer has any right to obstruct a junior officer in the course of his duties ever since old Todhunter allowed me to mine Brigade Headquarters at Loos by mistake."

"Shows you the value of discipline," the general said. "They just don't turn out chaps like old Todders these days. Ought to have been C.I.G.S. if he had had his deserts, but, of course, jealousy kept him out."

"Well, when we got back to his headquarters there was an upstart of a brigadier sitting behind a desk and looking as though he knew all about Latin and Greek and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and nothing at all about military strategy," the brigadier continued.

"Cud didn't even say good morning when I came in, but snatched the photographs from the major and sat turning them upside down and squinting at them from all angles."

"It was there and then," the brigadier added warmly, "that I made up my mind that if ever I became a brigadier I'd never allow the fact to go to my head. In fact, I was thinking so much about how decent I was going to be to chaps when I was promoted that I nearly didn't hear him when he began to talk about there being an Erewhonian Command order against officers of the rank of full colonel and above attending civilian dentists."

"Of course, I didn't know anything about this order because, after all, a chap can't be expected to read every bit of bumph that comes out; but before I could say so the brigadier Johnny went on to say that the General Officer Commanding took a very serious view of this order and had given instructions that disciplinary action was to be taken against any senior officer failing to observe it."

"You see," he said, the G.O.C. in C. considers that, as senior officers are generally unmarried, it will be their duty, in the event of their headquarters being overrun by the enemy, to take hostile action with their teeth. It follows, therefore, that their teeth, having become military weapons, must be cared for by military dentists."

"Something to be said for that point of view," the general said, after some reflection.

"Well, of course, I realised that I was in for a rocket unless I managed to bluff the chap out," Brigadier Epsilon went on. "So, bold as brass, I asked: 'What, sir, makes you think I've been patronising a civilian dentist?'"

"Either," he said, "those photographs are X-rays of a wisdom tooth or they are mosaics of one of the coastal defences at Scarborough."

"In that case," I said, as quick as a flash, "they are mosaics of one of the coastal defences at Scarborough."

"Bully for you, Epsilon," the general said. "You were quick off the mark that time."

Please turn to page 22

The season's loveliest Twin Sets



The quality is a proud tradition . . .

Lovely to look at, delightful to wear . . . snug *Hanro* twin sets
for the new season are made from pure merino wool in charming colours.
Remember, *Hanro* twin sets always hold their smart tailored lines.

KNITWEAR CREATED BY

Hanro

***Hanro* knitwear is nationally advertised and sold by leading stores throughout Australia.**

Ringside Maiden

By EDWIN LANHAM

A STARTLING turn comes into the conventional small-town life of attractive AGATHA CHRISTOPHER when she inherits from her uncle "Leo's Place," a bar and grill in a poor New York locality, together with a ten per cent. interest in the young boxer, LEFTY LANGAN. Her first thought is to sell out, but she becomes interested in Lefty, and distressed to find that, following a defeat, LUCILLE LONG is persuading him to leave the ring, although OSCAR GUMPER, the barman at "Leo's Place," thinks he could do well with training. With Oscar's co-operation, Agatha takes Lefty to her home, to the amazement of her mother, GWEN, and CHARLIE HARPER, her fiancé. Returning to New York, she and Oscar arrange a partnership in which Oscar will train Lefty. They go to buy his contract from BENNY SMALL, and to complete the transaction Agatha decides to telephone JACK BARLOW, personable lawyer, with whom she had cut short a dinner engagement the previous evening.

Now read on:

CROSSING the gymnasium, Agatha shut herself into a telephone booth. She had intended all along to call Jack Barlow, and as she dialled his number she felt a pang of guilt, remembering the headache she had professed to have in the taxi-cab.

"Agatha?" he said, as soon as she had spoken. "I tried to get you yesterday at the Westbrook, and they said you'd checked out."

"Yes," Agatha said. "I went home, Jack."

"Are you in Connecticut now?" "No," Agatha said, and laughed. "I'm in Skelly's Gym."

"Working out?"

"Buying a fighter," Agatha said.

"And I mean I really am, Jack. I'm about to buy up Lefty Langan's contract and muscle in to the fight racket. I'm serious. Oscar

Gumper is going to manage Lefty and he'll train out at my place in Connecticut. So I need your advice."

"If you can afford it, go ahead," he said in a cautious tone. "However, speaking as your lawyer, the boy's record isn't too good. I looked it up. He had twenty-one professional fights and he lost eight, the last one by a knock-out. That's the one we saw on television. Of course, he had twelve knock-outs."

"The point is, Jack, that I've made up my mind," Agatha said. "Will you help me with the legal details? I don't want to be outsmarted too badly, and we're closing the deal now."

"Of course I'll help you. Want me to come up there? Where is Skelly's Gym, exactly?"

Agatha told him, and went back to report to Oscar.

"Made up your mind?" Benny Small asked her when she rejoined Oscar at the ringside.

"Our lawyer will be here any minute," Agatha said. "It's a deal."

"Okay," Benny said. "Hope you do good with the boy." Jack Barlow arrived a few minutes later. They huddled on the last row of seats, and Jack arranged to see Benny Small on Monday, when the papers would be ready for signature.

"All right," Oscar said, after Benny had left. "Aggie, I'll have the dough in a couple of days, my half, and I'll be out to-morrow to start Lefty working. But how about Leo's Place? Who's going to handle the joint while I'm out there?"

Agatha made an instant decision,

and said: "Walter. I have an idea that Walter will react to responsibility. I'm willing to take a chance on it. I like Walter."

"It's your joint," Oscar said. "You can do what you want with it."

They went down the dark stairway together and on the sidewalk Jack Barlow asked, "Agatha, how long will you be in town?"

"I'm going back on the six o'clock train. You see, Lefty's already down there."

"Oh, is he?" Jack said. His eyes studied her, almost impersonally, Agatha thought. She flushed.

"Jack," she said, "I'm going to confess. I didn't have a headache the other night. You see, I was planning to do something impractical, and when someone does something impractical she lets her lawyer know afterwards, not in advance, doesn't she. After I left you that night I went to see Oscar and we planned all this."

"I knew you had someone on your mind," he said. "And I knew it wasn't I." His smile removed the impersonal mask from his face. "Still, I forgive you. How about taking a later train to-night and having dinner with me first?"

Agatha thought a moment. "I can take the nine o'clock. I'd love it, Jack."

"I'll reserve a table at the Petite Marmite. I'll meet you there at seven."

She and Oscar went down to Leo's Place together in a taxi-cab. Walter had reported for work, and was sweeping out when they entered the bar. The Yankees were in the fifth innings, and a dozen customers were watching television.

Agatha took Walter aside and said, "Walter, the waiter always gets the blame, you say. The waiter never gets a break. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," Walter said.

"Well, then," Agatha said, "how would you like to be manager problem?"

"Pro what?"

"For the time being," Agatha said. "Do you want to take over Leo's Place? Oscar's going to manage Lefty."

"I'm a waiter, Aggie," Walter said. "You got to have a waiter."

"Afraid, Walter?" Agatha asked.

"I didn't say I wouldn't take it," Walter said. "I said I didn't want it. I don't want the headache."

"But you'll take it?"

"What's another headache?"

Agatha turned to Oscar. "Here's the new manager."

Oscar insisted they all have a drink on it at the end of the bar.

At seven o'clock Agatha found Jack Barlow waiting for her at the Petite Marmite restaurant. They had cocktails before they went to their table, and he said, "I've been wondering what you're letting yourself in for, Agatha, and I've been wondering why."

"Well?" Agatha said.

"Was life pretty dull in Menassey?"

"Dull enough," Agatha said.

"Why?"

"I was wondering," he said. "You have an electric quality about you. High tension. I was just speculating." He smiled.

"A girl from Connecticut, from one of our advanced women's colleges, with some knowledge of literature and the arts and so forth, comes to town and picks up a prize-fighter, a good-looking young fellow with nice eyes, as you pointed out, and takes him home with her to put him back on his feet. I was only wondering why."

"As to the why," Agatha said lightly. "I don't know myself."

Please turn to page 28



"I've never seen a fight except on television and in newsreels," Agatha told Lefty.

Prestige gives you the secret of perfect fit

The secret is—obtain your bust and seat measurements in inches, using a tape measure. Then select Prestige Lingerie especially made to fit you perfectly... it's as simple as that!

The usual methods used to indicate sizes vary considerably ... but your tape measure cannot lie. Lingerie made to your measure in inches, and marked in inches on the tab sewn into each garment, must give a better fit!

When you have a frock made-to-order your dress designer measures you with a tape measure to ensure a perfect individual fit. That's the secret of obtaining equally exact fit in beautiful Prestige Lingerie too! But remember, only Prestige has your measure.

Lingerie that has *Your* measurement in inches



BY **Prestige**



ALSO MAKERS OF EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY, BRASSIERES AND FABRICS
ALL GENUINE **Prestige** PRODUCTS ARE BRANDED **Prestige**

Nancy's eyes danced dangerously. "I dare you," she said, and ...

Cedric Dared

By ...
DOROTHY McDOWELL

WHEN Cedric Michaels was fourteen his mother married again. She talked it over carefully with him.

"Mr. Bristol is a kind, good man, Cedric," she said. "He will take care of us both."

Cedric considered this offer. His mother was the most helpless person in the world. For some time past he had faced the fact that it was his duty to grow up as fast as possible, earn a large sum of money and act as the prop for her declining years.

But if a substitute prop in the person of Mr. Bristol was available, Cedric had no objection. Relieved of responsibility he could then turn his attention to more fascinating pursuits—to wit, an intensive reading of Charles Dickens.

Mr. Bristol, Cedric decided, would do very well. He was of suitable age, sufficient means and amiable disposition—in fact, jovial and talkative. He was obviously devoted to Mrs. Michaels and obviously prepared to be devoted to her son.

Cedric, with the confidence of youth, believed that some day he could tactfully intimate to his stepfather-in-law that he had no interest in the Dodgers' chances for the baseball pennant and found conversation on that and kindred subjects fruitless and boring.

Once set straight on that particular, Mr. Bristol would, Cedric thought, do very well indeed.

The only drawback to the arrangement was the existence of Mr. Bristol's daughter. Cedric had a dim opinion of girls in general and an even dimmer one of Nancy Bristol. She was a large, hearty child, taller and weighing considerably more at eleven than the slight-built Cedric.

His first encounter with her had not been encouraging. On the first visit he and his mother alighted from Mr. Bristol's car in front of the attractive colonial house in Hemlock Street that was afterward to become his home.

At that moment Cedric had heard a wild Red Indian yell and a tornado on wheels had shot down the pavement, exploding into Mr. Bristol's arms in a mad agglomeration of shirt-tails, pig-tails, and skates.

"Nancy," said Mr. Bristol sadly, "oh, Nancy, didn't you promise Daddy that you would try—"

"Gosh," said the tornado, "I forgot!"

"Ruth," said Mr. Bristol, turning to Cedric's mother, "I had hoped to present a pretty little daughter. This ragamuffin is she. Do you wonder I feel she needs a mother's care?"

Cedric, of the opinion that a policewoman would be a more suitable guardian, cautiously acknowledged the introduction. Here was a situation, he realised, that required careful handling.

Mrs. Michaels was taken inside to inspect the domicile and the children were left on the lawn to get acquainted.

"Cedric," said Nancy scornfully. "That's a crazy name."

Cedric, who was polite under the most trying circumstances, refrained from retort. "I read a book out of the school library about a boy named Cedric," was her next observation. "He was a terrible sissy." Her tone was final, conclusive.

Cedric was spurred to the defence of his namesake.

"He was probably a gentleman," he said coldly.

"He was a sissy," said Nancy.

"Nancy's a dear little girl," said Mrs. Michaels later in the day.

Cedric agreed—with mental reservations.

"Poor little thing," his mother went on, "she needs a mother's loving hand."

Nancy, in the years that followed, remained staunchly resistant to the loving hand. She washed rather more frequently than she had in the past, but her language remained as vigorous as ever and her eventual reconciliation to skirts was due, probably, more to her

budding femininity than to any influence her new mother exerted.

Cedric was equally unresponsive to a father's guidance. Stoically he watched the Cardinals clinch the pennant, while Nancy screamed herself hoarse.

Eventually Mr. Bristol gave up. Appreciative of Cedric's scholastic record, he still inwardly regretted the boy's inability to swim well. Nancy was centre in the girls' basketball team, but she failed in algebra twice.

Nevertheless, the household on Hemlock Street was a happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Bristol never ceased to marvel at their good fortune in finding each other when each had become resigned to the fact that youth and happiness had fled.

Cedric admired those good qualities in his stepfather which made him a substantial citizen, while deifying his apathy towards the works of Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare. He remained politely aloof from Nancy, who in turn regarded him with good-natured though pitying tolerance.

Cedric was at college most of Nancy's adolescence, which was particularly active. Mrs. Bristol found her gentle remonstrances without effect as Nancy leaped from violent passions for an assortment of film-stars to an equally violent devotion to the boy who brought the groceries.

Later on, when litterbugging, movie-going and double-dating filled Nancy's life with adventure, Mrs. Bristol was definitely no match for her.

Cedric was staggered, the first summer vacation he spent at home, by the new atmosphere that had taken possession of the house in Hemlock Street.

Almost overnight, it seemed to him, Nancy had changed from a hearty bouncing child to a slim creature who appeared to exert a remarkable effect on her fellow men. The place teemed with large, uncouth youths, shirt-tails flapping, who addressed Nancy as "goon child" and insulted her to her face.

At first, Cedric was impelled by chivalry to spring to his stepfather's defence, but he eventually learned that "lame brain" was a term of endearment and that the young giant who gave voice to the most outrageous insults was he who loved her truly and was, in turn, best beloved.

In all fairness he realised that he presented an equally puzzling problem to Nancy's swains. That he found their conversation incomprehensible amazed them. "Hot licks," "sleek chick," "dig me" were

more difficult for him to fathom than Greek or Latin, of which he had a fair working knowledge.

"Don't mind Cedric," Nancy said soothingly. "He can't help it. He's a brain."

They nodded their heads sagely. That explained everything. And they adopted a kindly protective attitude toward him as toward the mentally handicapped.

Cedric, meanwhile, had developed by leaps and bounds along his own line. Chaucer and his contemporaries had opened new fields of delight and he revelled in the rhythmic thumpings of early English. Aware, however, of the necessity to maintain a well-rounded programme, he had acquired a diversion—the period for relaxation was devoted to chess.

Unobtrusively Cedric had grown in stature as well as in learning and was amazed to discover in his senior year that he measured only one inch short of six feet.

On December 7, 1941, Cedric was well on his way to his master's degree, which he had every expectation of receiving with honors. A few days later he received a letter from Mr. Bristol, which read in part:

"Your mother is worried, Cedric, that she has not heard from you. She has an idea that you may be sparing her feelings by keeping your plans from her and may even now be en route to some training centre. If this reaches you in time, give her fair warning before you enlist."

To which Cedric replied:

"I am indeed pained that Mother could think me capable of such lack of consideration. Impulsive action, though consoling to the ego, should have no part in this crisis. I am registered, as you know, under Selective Service, but doubt that Mother need feel any concern. The fact that I have been obliged to wear glasses since the age of ten will, I fancy, preclude any possibility of my being called to active duty."

Please turn
to page 32

"Have you no idea what I intend to do?" Cedric asked.

The Australian Women's
Weekly, July 30, 1940
—Page 8



A message to every guardian of a family's health

For protection against winter chills
COUGHS, SORE THROATS
CHEST COLDS, 'FLU
CROUP & WHOOPING COUGH

*They depend
on You!*

Sniffles and sneezes! Complaints of a sore throat and the familiar "first signs" that result in miserable colds and 'flu mean loss of schooling, days off the job. Mother—your family relies on you! Give Larynoids at the first sign of a chill. They give quick relief and can stop a cold before it takes hold.

Be sure that Father has a packet of Larynoids always handy at the office and drop a packet in the kiddies' school bags for a safety's sake! Remember—there is no known cure for a cold, but if taken in time Larynoids may prevent a cold and its consequences.



**ANESTHESIN GIVES
QUICK-ACTING RELIEF!**

As soon as a Larynoid Throat Pastille begins dissolving in the mouth, it releases soothing SPEEDY-ACTING ANESTHESIN. This valuable ingredient, favoured and prescribed by doctors, deadens the acute sensitivity of the mucous membrane in the throatal area and ends soreness, irritation and that distressing tickling sensation that robs you of sleep. At the same time other soothing and healing medicaments in Larynoids Pastilles penetrate deep into the bronchial tubes to relieve "rawness" and prevent coughing. Even a stubborn cough will respond to the soothing, healing ingredients contained in the famous Larynoids formula. Larynoids are safe and pleasant-tasting even for young children. Doctors regularly recommend Larynoids.

HOW LARYNOIDS ACT

THROAT: A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in your throat. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them spreading to your PHARYNX. This area, when infected by disease-spreading microbes, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids, taken in time, prevent infection spreading to your LARYNX. This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to your BRONCHIAL TUBES. Here is the home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids and a "slight cold" may result in Pneumonia or Pleurisy. Simple hygiene and Larynoids will protect vital areas from infection.

Larynoids
Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES



Ask at
ANY CHEMIST
1/8
PER PACKET

A FAMOUS FORMULA

ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.
BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.
IPPECAC: Loosens "hardness": valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Croup.
MENTHOL: Relieves nasal catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain.
PEPPERMINT: Powerful inhalant, relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.
PINE OIL: A soothing inhalant to relieve the air passages from congestion.
OIL OF ANISEED: An aromatic and carminative.
HONEY: A soothing linctus.
CINNAMON OIL: Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.
IODINE: Highly antiseptic and healing.

Manufactured by THE WALCOT PTY. LTD., ANNANDALE, SYDNEY, N.S.W. Distributed by LIFE SAVERS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED.

Mary Hordern's Choice of Paris Frocks

Six frocks for morning and afternoon wear chosen by our fashion adviser Mrs. Mary Hordern to show current Paris trends.



• From Paquin comes the simple linen beach suit, at left, made with a scalloped-edge shawl folding under the belt to form a jacket. The narrow skirt is buttoned from waist to hem.



• Nina Ricci used corded silk for the afternoon dress, at right, made with a moderately full skirt, featuring immense pockets.

• Paquin's simple linen frock, at right, is made with a wide petal neckline and has pockets to give emphasis to hips.



• Jean Dessès gives his linen suit, at right, a clever silhouette by looping the hip pockets into a swathe. He adds an original note on the sleeve with buttons on outside seam at elbow.

• Jeanne Lafaurie designed the two linen town suits at left. She makes the navy-blue with a soft roll collar, plunging neckline, and tiny puff sleeves. Feature of tan suit is shoulder-line extended well over sleeves.



GOR-RAY Registered

skirts
one
better!



Obtainable at all leading stores
Sole Manufacturers: Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England



Neat 'n sweet

The charming frock this little lady is wearing is one of the new designs for children's knitted in Sun-glo knitting book 118, now on sale. You can buy Sun-glo knitting books from your newsagent or wool-retailer, or order direct from "Knitting Book Dept.", Alexandria Spinning Mills, 30 Grosvenor St., Sydney. Price 7½d. (posted 9d.) Frocks for children's wear books 1/1d. (posted 1/2½d.)



Sun-glo Styles Free:

Alexandria Spinning Mills, Dept. A587
30 Grosvenor St., Sydney.
Please send me free illustrated folder of Sun-glo styles. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____

Sun-glo

SHRINKPROOF
KNITTING WOOL
Made in Australia by P. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. Distributors: Paterson, Living & Bruce Ltd.



APPRENTICED to a boatbuilder, 16-year-old Peter Ferreira, winner of seven trophies and 1948 point score of Drummoyne (N.S.W.) District 12th. Model Sailing Club, has Vera Too ready for Sunday morning race in light sou'-wester. Father is Peter's rower, boat is named after his mother.



SKIPPER of 18-footers Ron Warnes rows in 2ft. races during winter. Models are followed by skiff with skipper and rower, who faces way he is going so he can see.



PLANK is fitted by George McGoogan to boat held in wooden stock. Models are built from keel up. Most 2ft. skippers make own boats.



SKIPPERs of 12in. models line up for the start. Twelve-inchers can be taken out of water during race, leads changed. They have three sets of sails, big for light weather, small for boisterous. During race, sails can't be changed. Handicapping is on automatic system, with 10 minutes between limit and scratch boats.

It takes skill and speed to race a model yacht

Rugged types of 18-footer fame skipper two-footers in winter

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

On Sundays in the winter months, purposeful, weather-beaten men carrying model boats, some no bigger than a child's toy, head for the bays and upper reaches of Sydney Harbor.

Many of them are the rugged, devil-may-care characters who in the summer thrill thousands with their dashing handling of Sydney Harbor's famous 18ft. racing craft.

AS members of the 2-footer sailing clubs they take the racing of these miniatures quite as seriously as they do that of an 18-footer.

You can see why when the models are racing on their 3½ to 4½ mile courses.

When their big sails are up they carry, towering above the tiny craft, a 16ft. expanse of sail.

To balance this they carry under the water a stainless steel fin to which is attached a lead weight of from 30lb. to 25lb.

"Make that quite clear," insisted the 2-footer sailing identities in whose company I spent a recent Sunday. "If you don't, no one will

believe you. We're used to people saying a small model can't carry all that sail."

Even a seasoned 18-footer skipper finds himself a comparative novice the first time he attempts to sail a 2-footer model.

Old 2-footer hands recall what a laugh the onlookers had the time the Iron Cove Club put on an invitation novelty event for 18-footer men who hadn't sailed a model before.

"It isn't brawn that counts in this sport; it all depends on skill," they said.

Model enthusiasts had an even better laugh when members' women-folk were invited to act as skippers while their husbands rowed.

"You've never seen such a panic

in all your life," said Mr. J. P. Wallace, secretary of the club. "The whole river was ringing with cries and screams. I don't think one model finished the course."

The course must be completed within 20 hours.

Most models do this easily. Last year in the State Championship the boats sailed a full course of 4½ miles. The winner took 1 hour 40 minutes. On the day a 35-mile-an-hour wind was blowing.

During a race experienced skippers are chary about giving information away. So that rival skippers can't overhear and benefit by their orders, they communicate with their rowers by signs.

During the race the skipper hangs over the skiff's bow, ready to make lightning adjustments to his model, which he must not lift from the water.

Five minutes before the start he will have considered tide, wind, and likely weather changes, and have selected the fin, jib, and mainsail for the day.

These cannot be changed, although he can adjust the tension of the sails. He can add as he desires a spinnaker and ballometer, and alter the tiller to a new course.

"A canny, quick-thinking rower can make all the difference between a loss and a win," Mr. Wallace said.

"We're strict about our rules. The slightest infringement—and out!" Though new models are being

added to the clubs every season, the North Sydney Club has several veterans on its register. One, The Amy, was built 34 years ago, and is still racing.

The club, the first model sailing club in Sydney, started back in 1910, and still has five of its original members.

To-day there are several 2-footer model clubs in Sydney, and though none are known to exist in other States, there have been inquiries from those anxious to establish them.

Handicapping is automatic. For a win a boat is penalised two minutes, for a second, one minute, and for a third, half a minute. A scratch boat will start 10 minutes after the first away.

Charlie Howard, an old-timer of the North Sydney Club, took up model racing 36 years ago. He doesn't race now, but his son Max carries on in his place.

To-day models can cost up to £32. Their sails (they have four sets) are made of Japan's silk or unbleached calico. Nylon, because it stretches, is used only for spinnakers.

Battens, used on the mainsail, are of fine cane or synthetic ivory used to finish piano keys. The hollow masts are made from spruce, the rigging is of stainless steel wire.

Boys in their teens sail with the Drummoyne District 12in. Model Sailing Club. Their models have a beam of 8in., and a depth of 4in.



VETERAN Saul Baxter, of Iron Cove Club, has sailed 2ft. models since 1915. Club is now in third season, has 132 members, runs 23 races between Easter and end of September.



ROUNDING MARK first time, Reg Rudgely whips off thy spinnaker. Rules say model must be put on new course after adjustment.



GOING WELL. A skipper crouches forward watching his entry in a four-mile race. Technique of model sailing is highly scientific, calling for judgment and speed.



AMRON, owned and skippered by Ron Hunt (standing), ready for water. She's carrying a 22lb. fin, has a boom of six feet. Ron's been sailing since he was 11, his father is an old 10ft. man. Pictures by staff photographer, W. Bowen-Jones.



*"Through
dreamland's
happy isles"*

J. S. Reilly

Worthy of her beauty are those fine, Guaranteed Quality Actil Sheets that sheath her resting body in smooth, snow-white luxury. Guaranteed Quality Actil Sheets and Pillow Cases are woven from superfine cotton yarn...woven the exclusive Actil way, to give a texture at once fine, smooth, firm, strong and the ideal weight for easier bedmaking and laundering. Actil Sheets are fully 99 inches long when hemmed, too, and the envelope-type pillow cases have a generous flap. Truly, Actil Guaranteed Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases are the finest Australia has ever known.

Guaranteed Quality SHEETS & PILLOW CASES



GUARANTEED!

Should these ACTIL Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

SOLD AT THESE PRICES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
(plus freight in certain country districts)

54 x 99 ... 42/- pair	80 x 99 ... 58/- pair
63 x 99 ... 48/- pair	90 x 99 ... 65/- pair

NOW AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED • ACTIL AVENUE • WOODVILLE • SOUTH AUSTRALIA

EDWARD, MY SON . . .



NEWSPAPER tycoon Arnold Holt, father of Edward, is played by Robert Morley.



BOY'S HEALTH drunk at family party after Holt commits arson to pay for operation on lad. Friend Harry Soames (Torin Thatcher), Evelyn Holt (Peggy Ashcroft), and doctor (Ian Hunter) raise glasses to future of Edward, for whom father plans an empire of money.



SHADY DEALS help Holt to make money. He turns from wife to secretary Eileen (Eileen MacGrath).



ILLCIT romance develops while Edward, pampered and spoilt, becomes major problem.



WIFE'S PLEAS do not result in Holt spending less time with secretary, whom he sets up in apartment. Finally, hoping to save son from father's indulgence, Evelyn flees to France with him and Holt follows.



EVELYN takes to drink, feeling son is hopeless. Here, with family doctor, she toasts her son's marriage as his last chance of leading a decent normal life.

LIFETIME of plotting is rendered useless when Holt is told Edward's wife has succeeded in court action to remove grandson, also an Edward, from Holt's clutches, following hero's death of the child's father in World War II.



UNGOVERNABLE rage nearly results in Holt murdering wife on discovery, but he relents and takes pair back to England with him.



DRAMATIC PLAY

ENGLISH actor Robert Morley, who scored a brilliant success on Broadway with his stage play, "Edward, My Son," written in collaboration with Noel Langley, is bringing the play to Australia. It will open in Sydney in September.

Edward never appears on the stage, but the audience is made familiar with his character, wrecked by his father's stupid indulgence.



Birthdays!
I love them

I know I can
look younger
with . . .

Helena Rubinstein's Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream

Yes, I'm over thirty, quite a bit — but I don't look it — and I'm going to continue to not look it! I've found a wonderful cream — Grecian Anti-Wrinkle, it's one of the super specials by Helena Rubinstein, to keep the smoothness of youth in my cheeks, and throat, to ward off those creepy lines, which can be the penalty of advancing years. Price is 5/10



Available from leading stores and chemists throughout Australia, or
helena rubinstein salon
Maria Vadas Pty. Ltd.
82 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY - TEL. M3160



MORE and MORE MOTHERS
choose
LAXETTES
for their children and themselves



18
IN TINS
1/9

YOU TASTE
ONLY THE
DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATE

THE
GENTLE, EFFECTIVE,
SAFE, RELIABLE
LAXATIVE



*It's the extra
nourishment in
Ovaltine that
keeps the roses
in my cheeks*

FOR active young bodies there is definitely nothing to equal the nourishing qualities of Fortified 'Ovaltine', because Fortified 'Ovaltine' contains a very wide variety and scope of food elements, particularly those elements that are most apt to be lacking in a child's daily diet. For example Fortified 'Ovaltine,' in addition to Nature's finest foods, malt, milk and eggs, contains extra quantities of the

important Vitamins A, B, & D, and extra quantities of the valuable minerals, iron and calcium; all important nutritive elements required to strengthen the entire physical and nervous system. Make no mistake, there is no substitute for 'Ovaltine' because only 'Ovaltine' results can be obtained from 'Ovaltine'.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.
8OZ. TIN 2/6, 16OZ. TIN 4/6
Prices slightly higher in country areas.

'OVALTINE' TABLETS do not replace your daily cups of 'Ovaltine' but provide additional energy for work and play. 85 Tablets—1/3.

Product of A. Wander Ltd., Devonport, Tasmania.

'GIVE YOUR CHILDREN .
OVALTINE
AND NOTE THE DIFFERENCE

On the highways with emergency food haul



GARAGE PROPRIETORS Harold Johnson and Arthur Winder, of Mittagong, N.S.W., with some of the articles such as watches and tyres which truck-drivers have left with them as deposit for petrol.



YOUTHFUL John Richardson, Pitt Town, N.S.W., consults road map with aid of headlights. Driver Roy Parry, Windsor, N.S.W., last year transported record load of 2000 tons of wheat in six weeks.

Trucks and trailers keep essential goods moving in country and between capitals

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A record number of trucks have rumbled over Australian highways and byways in the past few weeks on the spectacular road lift made necessary by the coal strike.

The men who kept them rolling were regular drivers on the routes, reinforced by others diverted from normal employment as a result of the strike.

ON a 600-mile journey along a N.S.W. highway last week I met some of the cheerful, hard-working men who brought commodities from one State and returned with equally precious foodstuffs or other essentials.

Day and night I saw their heavily loaded vehicles slowly climbing hills, gathering speed along flat stretches, or pulled in at the roadside while the drivers slept for a while or made tea at a camp fire.

Often unshaven after days on the road, wearing either overalls, oddments of service clothes, leather jackets, slacks, old suits, and layers of pullovers and cardigans, I realised in spite of their varying types and different appearance that all had something in common.

I didn't discover what it was until Driver Frank Marion, of Seddon, Victoria, said to me: "You can always pick out truck drivers—they look tired."

The regular drivers told me that since the "road lift" began, after the restriction of rail services, the number of trucks along the roads had more than trebled.

"I've seen more trucks on the road in the past few weeks than I'd see in six months in normal times," said Keith Smith, of Chatswood, Sydney, a regular interstate truck driver.

I met Keith, his wife Marjorie, and John Daniell, of Newtown, Sydney, at the foot of the Razorback Mountain, on the Hume Highway, between Sydney and Melbourne.

They were returning to Sydney from Adelaide with supplies of South Australian celery. The Smiths had 12 tons on their truck, and John Daniell had ten on his.

Next truck driver we met was Jim Herring, of Enfield, Sydney, who was wiping frost from his windshield and stamping to restore feeling to his feet.

"Practically took my feet off this

morning," he told us. "I thought I'd lost them this time."

Jim usually sleeps in the cabin of his truck, because "you can't get into pubs when you hit a town about midnight."

He was carrying a large load of South Australian wine for Sydney and general cargo from Melbourne. He had unloaded general cargo from Adelaide in Melbourne.

At Broadbaine, N.S.W., I met a cheerful bunch who were travelling as a convoy, although their trucks and loads were unrelated.

The five drivers in the convoy stopped at Broadbaine to talk with local publican Fred Bridge, who always leaves the side door of his hotel open so that truck drivers can come in at any hour of the night for a sleep.

"Some of them have their few hours' sleep, leave 5/- on the dressing-table to pay for the night's lodging, and are well on their way before I'm up in the morning," Fred Bridge told me.

"Others stay for breakfast and a bit of a yarn before pushing on."

Fred said that since the coal shortage there were a lot of new faces on the road with the "old gang working harder than ever."

He described the drivers he knew as a "quiet, cheerful, rough crowd, and pretty light drinkers."

Some of the men told me that they either don't touch liquor or allow themselves only an odd beer while travelling on the road.

"Alcohol, particularly beer, makes you too tired when you're driving," said Ken Benthien, of Woodville Grove, Adelaide.

"You'll find that most of the boys are tea drinkers."

He was backed in this statement by his employer, Jack Symons, of North Adelaide, who was travelling with him on the return journey from Port Kembla, N.S.W., to Adelaide, with a load of steel.

"I put a dozen bottles of beer on the truck before we left Adelaide,



BROTHERS Dave and Bill Logg, of Captain's Flat, N.S.W., and staff reporter Georgina O'Sullivan warm their hands over roadside fire in early hours of morning.

and they're still untouched," said Jack.

Jack's trucks usually operate from Adelaide to Melbourne or the Rocket Range in Central Australia, but some of them are busy now carrying groceries and vegetables to Sydney.

"I've never seen so many trucks on the road at the one time," said Jack. "In the two days we were coming from Melbourne to Sydney we must have seen over 500."

Jack Symons thinks that if a coal shortage stopped train services altogether, trucks would be able to transport food and essentials satisfactorily, but could not deal entirely with wool and wheat supplies.

"Although, it's wonderful what you can do if you're up against things," he mused.

"In Adelaide hundreds of rail trucks usually carry firewood, but now the motor trucks are bucking in and carrying it."

Most big trucks carry full supplies of petrol in side tanks, but drivers of the smaller trucks who have joined in the "road lift" are not so well equipped, and sometimes run out of petrol.

Two garage proprietors, Arthur Winder and Harold Johnson, accept cheques from drivers they know, and operate a "barter" system with new drivers who are not carrying money.

At their garage in Mittagong, N.S.W., they showed me the articles they had collected in the past few weeks from drivers in return for petrol.

"The owners will be back for them," said Mr. Johnson. "One by one they're stopping on their return journey to settle up."

Drivers have their troubles, of course, with breakdowns, and I saw at least a dozen trucks pulled in at the roadside.

One, Peter MacPherson, of Tum-

OUR FASHION PARADES

On our cover this week is a color picture taken in Paris of one of the lovely gowns chosen by Mrs. Mary Hordern for The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades, which start in Sydney during August. Designed by Dior, it features the newest uneven hemline. On page 11 are sketches of six of the day frocks in the collection.

barumba, N.S.W., whose gearbox had fallen off, was most worried when we came upon him about a bag of frozen fish he had for a Gundagai hotel. We took the fish in for him.

Two men I met who were not following their usual line of work were George Corfield and Ted Malone, both of Mascot, Sydney. The brickyards for which they usually drive were closed.

They were on their way home to Sydney from Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., with a load of clothing after having unloaded paint in Wagga. They left Sydney at 2 p.m., arrived in Wagga at 2.30 a.m., slept, then unloaded, and reloaded for Sydney by noon.

When I met them at Goulburn they expected to be in Sydney not long after midnight.

"And I've been recalling that back in 1920 it took me and my two brothers a week to travel from Wagga to Sydney in a sulky drawn by two ponies," said Ted Malone.

"We didn't loaf on that trip, either. We kept the ponies moving all day."

Traffic rules for the trucks vary somewhat in each State, but most of the men declared that Victoria was strictest.

In Victoria a driver must rest for half an hour after five and a half hours' driving, and he must have 10 hours' rest after he has been on the road for 11 hours.

More pictures—see pages 26-27.

BAD TIMES FOR YOUTH

THESE are bad times to be young in, to be in those vital, delightful years, the twenties.

For, oddly enough, those who have the most years ahead of them have the least patience with life's delays.

It seems natural to think first of the old. Their tired bones feel the cold more, they have the greater need of hot drinks and comfort.

But they have one great asset — the philosophy of years. This has been born of the disillusionments and of the triumphs of life. In times of stress, they remember other such times and the recovery from them.

The young are more vulnerable. The outrageous fortune of the day fills their horizon. They cannot feel so sure that there is still a sun behind the clouds.

Many of them have only just been restored to normal living after the war. Picking up the threads of work or study, beginning the building of homes and families, they feel an urgent need to make up time lost.

Finding their progress delayed, they see abroad a world ringed with trouble, and at home the hearth cold and the pocket empty.

Nobody can give to the troubled young the patient hope of maturity. In compensation, they have the resilience of youth which, if they but knew it, will let them bounce forward when the way is open again.

Then they will have the advantage of the oldsters, who will simply pick up their burdens and plod on.

But these are bad times to be young in. . . .

FAMOUS WOMEN — Queen Victoria

This is the first of a new weekly series about memorable women of the past.

The modern world is full of women of distinction because to-day they have almost equal opportunities with men. But those of other times had either to be born great or to have some special quality — whether of beauty, talent, or daring — to make their names remembered.

We have chosen Queen Victoria for the first of the series because, though she was born to her royal destiny, she achieved personal greatness by her force of character and her lifetime of devotion to duty.

THE story of Queen Victoria is full of paradox. Her name is synonymous with the greatness of England's most powerful and prosperous era — and with stuffy provincial dullness.

She was magnificent — and dowdy.

She was sharply alive to her own enormous responsibilities and dignity — and childishly naive in her personal development.

She clung to her position as Queen Empress — yet withdrew herself from her people for history's most determined widowhood.

She punished the merest hint of impropriety — but allowed her friendship with Highland ghillie John Brown to become a national scandal.

She was so unpopular at one stage of her reign that a movement existed for her abdication — yet she died the most beloved monarch her country had ever had, accepted as the mother of her people.

Even her birth was inappropriate to her destiny. She was one of three babies born to the house of Hanover during 1819 as a result of desperate matrimonial ventures through which the middle-aged sons of George III hoped to assure the succession.

Queen Charlotte, wife of the aged lunatic, George III, had seven sons and eight daughters. When she died in 1818, she had no grandchild. Princess Charlotte, heir to the throne, only child of the Prince Regent, had died a year before.

Victoria's father, the Duke of



THE GIRL QUEEN. Famous painting by Sir George Hayter shows Queen Victoria on her accession at the age of 18.

Kent, was the fourth of the seven sons.

At the age of 56, with dyed hair surrounding a bald pate, he broke up a 27 years' liaison with Madame St. Laurent to marry Princess Victoria, Mary Louisa of Saxe-Coburg. He had declared himself as "ready to obey any call my country may make upon me."

In this case, however, his duty and his financial interests were one.

Never far from money troubles, he married wholly to enjoy the improved financial position that would be his if he fathered an heir to the throne.

Still poor and living thriftily in Europe when his child's birth was imminent, he declared his child must be English-born.

In a hired carriage he hurried his



THE WIDOW OF WINDSOR. Queen Victoria riding in her donkey carriage shortly before the Golden Jubilee of 1887.

Duchess through Germany, across France, over bad roads and by evil inns, to the shelter of Kensington Palace, where, on May 24, Victoria was born.

When the Duke of Kent died some eight months later, only three ageing, childless uncles stood between the infant Victoria and the throne.

The first of these became George IV six days after Kent's death; the second, the Duke of Clarence, died seven years later; the third became William IV in 1830.

During these years the little Drina — as she was called in the family and her nursery in Kensington Palace — began to interest those whose eyes were on the succession to the throne.

It was observed in the following years that its small occupant was already displaying a will of her own, stamped her feet frequently, and occasionally flew into violent passions.

Though the foot-stampings and rages ceased, Victoria was never to conquer an inability to conceal displeasure, a total disregard of its effect on other people, and an almost fanatical sense of egoism and her own self-importance.

The first person to make the important discovery that the youthful Victoria could be led through affection, but never driven, was her governess, Baroness Lehzen.

Until well after the future Queen's marriage, this daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman held complete dominance over Victoria, even ousting the Duchess of Kent from her daughter's confidence and affections.

Until she was 12 the Princess was kept ignorant of the exalted station she was likely to fill. She was first officially enlightened when she found a genealogical table of the

Kings of England slipped into her history book.

The story is told that, sitting in the schoolroom, she realised she would one day be Queen, and spoke these words: "I will be good."

Through a long reign of 63 years, during which were added to England's somewhat tarnished crown a power and glory never before known, through wilful girlhood, 21 years of happy marriage, and 40 years of lonely widowhood, she carried out this promise.

Indeed, so good was Victoria that she bored nearly to distraction those who were forced by their rank to spend a certain amount of their time in her company.

She read from choice only the most uplifting and worthy books, permitted in her presence only the most correct conversation, provided for her after-dinner guests the diversion of looking at improving engravings in bound folios.

At six o'clock one morning in 1837, Victoria, aged 18, and wearing her dressing-gown, was informed that her uncle, William IV, had died, and she was Queen of England.

The young Queen had never in her life walked down the stairs of her home unaccompanied, never held an unchaperoned conversation with another person, never slept in a bedroom of her own.

The huge assembly of Ministers of State, lords and bishops who later that morning were received by their Queen saw her as a slim girl in deep mourning, fair, very short, of no particular beauty, but with extraordinary dignity and grace.

England's new Queen was almost unknown to her subjects when she emerged from the schoolroom obscurity of Kensington Gardens.

Soon all who saw her were talking about her graceful and efficient performance of Royal duties, her regal bearing.

Only sometimes, when her will was crossed, those close to her saw come over her face that look of stubbornness and unapproachableness that was in later years to become part of her strength and that of her nation.

This core of stubbornness had its first victory when, as a young Queen, Victoria refused to replace the Whig ladies of her household with Tories when asked to do so by Sir Robert Peel, who was about to lead the new Tory Government.

During her interview with Sir Robert, who had come to the Palace expressly to ask her to make the change, she remained — in her own words — "very much collected; civil and high, and betrayed no agitation."

Continued on page 21

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS





ATTENDING GARDEN PARTY. Moina Cadell, of Merriwilla, Tambar Springs, looks gay when she sets off for garden party at Buckingham Palace with Barbara Gelling, from Quirindi. Barb is going to Continent in August.



OFF TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fuller and their daughters, Pat (left) and Diane, leave their Hyde Park flat for the Palace to attend garden party. Mrs. Fuller wears Lanvin navy dress with pink rose at neckline to match soft pink felt hat. Pat wears blue angora dress with lily-of-the-valley on brim of grey hat. Diane wears grey-and-green check taffeta frock with white accessories.



OPERA SINGER WEDS. Rafael Lagares and his Melbourne bride, formerly Peggy Montgomery, at reception at the Ritz, Melbourne, after their marriage at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Guitarist Giovanni Cera serenades newlyweds, while bride lifts flowergirl, Penelope Black, to see swan which holds asp. Matron of honor Mrs. Mario Virginia.



POLO BALL. Pam and Jim Maple Brown, of Goulburn (left), with Toby McDiarmid and his fiancée, Jill Younger, of Sydney, and Mr. Arthur Brown at Polo Ball held in Queanbeyan Show Pavilion after two-day carnival organised by Molonglo Club.



BEAUTIFUL SUIT severely tailored in dove-grey is worn by Miss Phyllis Hughes (left), of Woolahra, when she arrives back in Australia in the Orca. With her in the picture is fellow traveller Mrs. Herbert Douglas, of Rose Bay, who wears smart head-hugging cloche with her ensemble.



POLO PLAYER WEDS. Wallace White and his bride, formerly Judith Payne, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Payne, of Waverley, Scane, leave All Saints' Church, Woolahra. Wallace, who plays polo with Muswellbrook, is second son of Mrs. White, Denman, and late Mr. Harold White.

Intimate Greetings

POLO throughout New South Wales suffers heavy blow when Dudley Cup is cancelled at Maitland because of floods. However, Molonglo Club, in the Australian Capital Territory, revived club last year and first carnival for 20 years is held.

Four or five teams of young enthusiasts compete for Gidleigh and Canberra Cups, when teams come from Goulburn, Corringie, Boorowa River to compete with Canberra team. Rain in morning and on previous night causes hurried change of plans and matches are played in manoeuvre paddock at Duntroon to save field at "Woden," the Jock Campbell's property, for finals. Mr. Campbell is president of the Molonglo Club and used to play back in the early 1920's.

AFTERNOON tea at officers' mess, Duntroon, after first day's play, several cocktail parties, and polo ball at night at Queanbeyan Show Pavilion are very gay affairs. All young things from near and far attend and I notice Deirdre Collins, from Eura-lie, Yass; Jill Younger, from Sydney, who watched her fiancé, Toby McDiarmid, play with Molonglo (Canberra) team; newlyweds Joy and Stuart Gordon, Margaret Brown and Pam Logan, from Sydney, Gillian Davidson and Frances Horton Brown, from Young. Nev Gorman of "Goonag," a Molonglo player, tells me they have newly formed "Worms Club."

MEMBERSHIP open only to players who have spill, but their horses must come down too. So far, New himself and Pat Osborne have one spill. Toby McDiarmid has two bars for two spills, and Peter Snow and Mike Osborne one bar each!

DIPLOMATIC fraternity well represented at games, in fact, they turned up practically en masse. Noticed Mohini and Sheila, daughters of Col. Bodi, High Commissioner for India, looking very charming in their colorful saris, topped with white lambswool coats, and very keen on game, as they are fans at home in India where magnificent polo is played.

MOLOGLO and Boorowa River played off for the Canberra Cup which was won by Molonglo. In the championship great match between Goulburn and Corringie, when Gidleigh Cup is won by Goulburn by very narrow margin.

MRS. BOB FORD will say "good-bye" to her friends with party in her cabin on board Orcaes when she sails this Saturday for trip to England to see her mother, Mrs. Mabel Eastwood, for first time for twenty years. Mrs. Ford will return in the same ship in March of next year, and will bring her mother out to Australia with her to make her home with her and her husband at Wahroonga.

ON the baby front: Joan and Max Taylor receiving congratulations on birth of a daughter, Lynette Lind, at Armidale and New England Hospital. . . Pat and Mick Middleton, of Yass, receiving congratulations on birth of a son. . . Penelope is name chosen for daughter of Brenda and John Dunkley. John is eldest son of the Walter Dunkleys, of Christchurch, N.Z.



SYDNEY GIRL WEDS IN LONDON. Lieut. and Mrs. Michael Vaux leaving St. Phillip's Church, Kensington, after their marriage. Bride, formerly Pamela Roach, younger daughter of Mr. C. H. Roach, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. Roach. Michael is only son of Commander Philip Vaux, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Vaux, of London. Bride's sister, Pat, was bridesmaid.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Lieut. Donald Ross, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Rosemary Dibbs, admire wedding presents shown them by bride's step-sister, Margaret Dibbs, at reception following their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. Bride is daughter of Mr. Vernon Dibbs, Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Rosalind Dibbs, of Potts Point.

HOME at Milton, South Coast, for newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Della Valle, who were married recently. Couple have been honeymooning at Hotel Bondi.

EIGHTY young guests entertained by Mrs. N. Cardie, of Randwick, when she gives celebration party at the Pickwick Club in honor of her twin son and daughter's birthday. John and Elizabeth cut a two-tiered birthday cake, which their mother had baked for them and iced in pink and blue—a tier each.

SEEMS a week for overseas news and am interested to hear of marriage in Nassau, Bahamas, at Christ Church Cathedral, of Lonie Dixon, daughter of Mrs. Dulcie Dixon, of Sydney, and Robert Thomas only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thomas, of London. The ceremony was performed by Canon J. C. Maraden, the Lord Bishop of Nassau gave the blessing, and His Excellency the Governor and Lady Murphy attended the ceremony. Shirley Oakes was bridesmaid and Mr. O. Nelson Tervander best man.

Bride's aunt, Eunice Lady Oakes, gave the reception at her home, "Westbourne," where 150 guests dined at tables set on beautiful terrace which extends to lawn at edge of the sea.

Lady Oakes, widow of Sir Harry Oakes, was formerly Eunice Myrtle McIntyre, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Tom McIntyre, of Drum-moyne. Bride's mother, Mrs. Dulcie Dixon, was present at her daughter's marriage.

joyce

Have you tried this
NEW better-than-ever **PERSIL**
yet?



Now! BETTER THAN EVER!

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

HING! RIGHTEST! QUICKEST!

for whites
for colours

Look for it
in the **BIGGER**
brighter packet

**Now better in
3 wonderful ways**

- 1 EVEN BETTER PERSIL RESULTS!**
New Persil — with its brilliant new ingredient — washes whites *even whiter* — coloureds come out *brighter, richer* than ever before! It's New Persil's **EXTRA-DAZZLE**.
- 2 NOW EASIER TO USE!**
How Persil's changed! Simply sprinkle New Persil into the water and one swish of the hand sends those oxygen-charged Persil suds scurrying to work.
- 3 NEW BIGGER PACKETS!**
Here's a new Persil... an even better Persil... in bigger packets.

ONLY NEW PERSIL BRINGS YOU ALL THESE IMPROVEMENTS

Get *NEW better-than-ever PERSIL NOW* — see the *extra dazzle* in all your wash!

A Little Madness In The Spring

Continued from page 4

JOHN wrote to Mary Lou, and got back a long letter written in a schoolgirl backhand. Daddy wrote, too, and sent a surprisingly large cheque. Whether there ever was a lawsuit, John never found out, but the steamship company paid him off handsomely. With the money he went back to his university. He had missed only a little more than a year.

On the evening of his third day in Hollywood, John wrote Janet Wharton a letter. "I have as yet had no outstanding adventures," he told her, "but I hope—" and then he stopped.

What, indeed, did he hope? John laid down his pen.

At that moment, almost as if in answer to his question, his telephone rang.

"This is Ed Barber," the voice on the other end said.

"Who?" John said.

"Ed Barber," the voice repeated.

"We had lunch to-day."

"Oh, yes. Yes," John said.

"I was wondering if I could talk to you for a few minutes?"

"Of course."

"O.K. I'll see you in half an hour."

The duties of a technical adviser were becoming very confused in John's mind. It appeared that he was of value to the studio only when he applauded something which had already been done. In fact—and this was beginning to puzzle him more and more—each section of the picture which he inquired about seemed finished.

Mr. Barber took John to a large night-club. Mr. Barber made fast, witty, and at times almost unintelligibly technical talk about pictures. Mr. Barber was, John discovered a little uneasily, the head of publicity for the studio.

Finally Mr. Barber came to the point—the point of why he was devoting an entire evening to a writer instead of an actress.

"Here's the point," Mr. Barber said. "I have to sell this picture, see?"

John saw.

"Well, I have an angle," only Mr. Barber said "a yangle," and John pretended he understood. "Now, this girl you were on the island with. You've never seen her all this time?"

"No," John said.

"Do you correspond?"

"No."

"Tell me something," Mr. Barber said. "Was she good-looking?"

"Very," John said.

Mr. Barber seemed to talk to himself. "We could probably fix her up, anyway."

"What?" John said.

"Let me put it to you straight. Circumstances have kept you two people apart. Now after all those years you meet. You've been waiting. She's been waiting. You suddenly realise you've been waiting for each other. See?"

"My word!" John said.

"It's a set-up," Mr. Barber said. "Island Lovers Reunited. Memories of Tropical Nights Keep Pair True To Each Other. With my connections I could get that story into half the papers in the country."

"But—"

"I know, I know," Mr. Barber said. "Suppose she's married. I could make her hold still long enough to take pictures."

"Oh," John said. "I would like a little time to think this over."

"Sure, sure," Mr. Barber said. "And by the way..."

"By the way," was another shock. The motion picture that had been made from John's book was entirely finished, cut, scored and ready for release. John was to see it, at midnight, in a private projection room.

John loved the picture. It was what his life should have been, and wasn't. Suspense and love had been added.

The love he should have had with Mary Lou. John sat and drank in the story of the moment he had lost.

The girl on the screen was Mary Lou. After the first half-hour she even looked like Mary Lou.

A determination flooded over him. He must make no excuses to himself any more. Youth would not find him; he must find youth. He had waited, somehow, for some rea-

son. Perhaps Mary Lou had, too. He must seize the moment. There was no time to lose, soon it would be too late.

When he got home, he telephoned Mr. Barber and woke him out of a sound sleep. "Find Mary Lou," he said. "I will do what you want."

"Atta boy," Mr. Barber said.

For over a week, Mr. Barber's minions went to the search in New York. They tried in vain to discover old passenger lists, custom records, or hotel reservations that would put them on the trail of nearly twenty years before.

Finally, it was Mr. Barber himself, who sooner or later never failed to be a genius, who picked up the Pasadena telephone directory and found Mary Lou's name listed there.

After that it was simple. He went to Pasadena, took her out to lunch, and obtained her enthusiastic consent to fall in with his plans. Not very much had happened to Mary Lou since she had got back from the Solomons.

Mr. Barber had an idea. Mary Lou and John would meet on the set of the atoll—right back where they started.

"Oh, lovely!" Mary Lou said. "I'll wear a Hawaiian print dress I've just bought."

John had not let his determination flag or his ardor stale. He would seize the moment, even though it came two weeks late. He stood, his arms tight round Mary Lou, in front of the bogus hut of Uli, and tried not to blink as the flash bulbs went off in his face. I must not fall myself, he thought.

It had been a struggle. In the first place, he had not immediately recognised Mary Lou. She had changed, put on weight, and her face was covered with thick pancake make-up for the cameras.

They had not one moment alone. Photographers, prop men, electricians, Mr. Barber, his publicity men, representatives of the Press, all these and more had witnessed the reunion. John's private passion had had to wait.

From the set they went to one of the sound stages. Everyone was given garlands and flowers; they drank coconut milk and ate native dishes which John had never tasted before. And then, for a grand finale, a screen was let down and the life of John and Mary Lou was shown.

When the picture had been running half an hour, John felt a nudge in his ribs. He leaned over and Mary Lou whispered in his ear. "Listen," she said, "couldn't I sue these people for showing me on the screen like this? I mean, Daddy wouldn't want—"

John said, "Excuse me a moment."

He got up, went over to the door of the set, let himself out, walked down the blinding studio street, across the lawns to the main official entrance.

That's what youth is, John thought, moments seized. But seized, not dug up. And perhaps the reason I never seized Mary Lou was that I always thoroughly disliked her.

John packed his bag at the hotel, took a taxi to the airport, and next morning was in New York waiting for the plane to England.

At Mrs. Burnett's boarding-house Janet Wharton was amazed and delighted to see him.

He waited until they were alone in the small upstairs sitting-room after dinner before he came to the point.

"Janet," he said, "I hope you will accept the proposition I am about to make to you."

"Oh, John," Janet said, "at last!" John started. It couldn't be so easy. "Janet," John said, "you know... I believe, I'm not sure, but I believe I feel reckless."

Janet laughed. "And young?" she wanted to know.

John considered. But not for too long, not really for more than five seconds. "And young," he said.

(Copyright)

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 30, 1949

The story of Queen Victoria

SIR ROBERT PEEL told her that if she refused to change her ladies he could not form a new Government. So inspired were the Whigs by their Queen's headstrong loyalty to their party that they decided to carry on instead of resigning.

"It was impossible to abandon such a Queen and such a woman," they are recorded as having said.

Sentiment and romanticism were coming into fashion, and the people of England wanted to see their young Queen married. Happy, glorying in her new independence, Victoria had no need for haste.

During a short visit by her cousin Albert, the 18-year-old Prince of Saxe-Coburg, the Queen of England fell madly in love with him, and proposed marriage on the fourth day of his stay.

A young and inexperienced girl, swept off her feet by the pink-and-gold good looks of her handsome cousin, the mantle of solitude and greatness not yet descended on her, Victoria characteristically remained aware of her position.

Writing to her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, she explained that she had proposed to Albert, and not to her, because he would "never have presumed to take the liberty as to propose to the Queen of England."

Historians and biographers contend that Albert married Victoria as a matter of duty; that he was not in the least in love with her, and that he thought that by marrying the Queen of England he could do good.

Almost at once their wills clashed. The earnest young German could not understand that he was expected by England's imperious Sovereign to leave all matters of State and public welfare to her.

He took to playing chess while Victoria held long councils with her Ministers, quarrelling with her when they were alone.

Once he locked his door against her. To her knock he called, "Who is there?" and she replied grandly, "The Queen of England."

He refused to answer and unlocked the door only when she replied in a subdued tone, "Your wife, Albert."

Gradually Albert's influence in public affairs increased. Victoria relied on his counsel, consulted him before all decisions, and would make no move without having his approval. From being the Queen of England's husband, the Prince Consort became an important personage in his own right, with a busy public life of his own.

After the difficult first few months of their marriage there followed 21 years of what was for Victoria perfect domestic bliss.

Continued from page 18

Surrounded by their growing family of children (they had nine), the Queen and her Prince Consort led a life of exemplary worth and fidelity.

What was later to be called the Victorian Era was already in full swing.

The genteel tinkle of Meyerbeer's and Mendelssohn's most sugary melodies filled the Palace, its walls were hung with the sentimental art of Mr. Landseer and his followers, chairs tortuously carved out of coal and other products of the Empire appeared in the halls.

The Royal couple surrounded themselves with a clutter of objects in the most horrible taste, and thought they were of unparalleled beauty and distinction. The rest of the nation followed suit.

The death of the Prince Consort when Victoria was 42 was the turning point of her life. She was to live 40 more years, control a realm that stretched far beyond the seas and contained millions of souls. But for Victoria her real life ended with Albert's death.

Gone was the warming radiance of perfect domestic happiness. In its place was nothing but the darkest gloom and loss.

"MY LIFE as a HAPPY one is ENDED!" she wrote. "The world is gone for ME!"

In the first months of her widowhood, those about her feared that Victoria might lose her reason.

Victoria the gloriously happy wife became Victoria the mourning widow.

Living in the greatest seclusion, she developed a phobia which would not allow her to make public appearances.

The people completely lost patience with their invisible Queen, their sympathy changed to outspoken criticism. It was said that the only time she showed herself was to ask Parliament for more money for her many children. Victoria's popularity reached its lowest ebb.

Her popularity sank so low that she was hissed at Ascot, and for a time was held in derision by the entire upper class society of England and the Continent.

Yet in the long years following the Prince Consort's death, when she suffered untold agonies of loneliness high on the awful isolation of her throne, Victoria guided her country to a position of enormous prosperity and eminence.

During the 40 years she reigned alone, Victoria's Court impressed all who visited it with its concealed might and power, its appalling dullness. So strict was her ban on smoking that high dignitaries were

● If you would like to read more about Queen Victoria, three of the best biographies of her are by E. F. Benson, Lytton Strachey, and Edith Sitwell.

forced to lie on the floors of their bedrooms and exhale the forbidden smoke up the chimneys.

Divorced women were not even allowed to approach the Court's outskirts. So greatly did Victoria prize widely devotion that she allowed it to be known that she greatly disapproved of any widow marrying a second time.

Yet all through her life she had shown herself peculiarly susceptible to the flattery of men, and from the time she came to the throne until she was an old woman indulged in a series of perfectly platonic love affairs, which the more bald of her subjects refused to believe were platonic at all.

The first of the men in whose company Victoria found enchantment was the worldly and urbane Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister.

Next came Disraeli, who called her his "Faery," enlivened the dull State discussions by relating to her choice pieces of gossip and flattered her with his brilliance and wit.

Lastly came the whisky-drinking, gruff Highland gillie John Brown, whose conversational liberties with, and constant attendance on, his Sovereign caused a national scandal and great embarrassment to her children.

It is said that more than once Brown, having had too much to drink, actually fell down in the presence of his Sovereign. But the imperious Queen remained loyal, would hear no word against her "faithful Brown," refused to listen to her children's pleas for his dismissal.

Edward VII's first act on his mother's death was to have removed the numerous busts of John Brown that Victoria had made after his death and kept on display in her different homes.

Victoria, who had 37 great-grandchildren living at the time of her death, ruled them with a rod of iron, and insisted on treating even the elders as though they were still children.

At 50 the gay Prince of Wales, Bertie, afterwards Edward VII, stood in complete awe of his mother. Late for one of her dinner parties, he was seen hiding himself behind a pillar, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead, trying to pluck up courage to make his apologies to the Queen.

Victoria's sense of humor was essentially of the simple kind. Subtlety was something she never understood.

The famous "We are not amused," accompanied by lips drawn down at the corners, and the blue eyes staring in astonished protrusion, greeted any comment of the slightest impropriety, and was enough to bring an entire dinner table to awful silence.

It was only with increasing old age that past unpopularity was forgotten and Victoria came to be held in almost universal esteem.

She, who had said at 12 "I will be good," was now a tired old woman, a lifetime of devotion to duty behind her, the most beloved monarch her country had ever known, in reality the "mother" of her people.

The last occasion, and the most glorious, on which the great Queen showed herself to her adoring subjects was during the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, when she drove through the packed streets of London to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

She who had quelled great statesmen and cunning diplomats with her eyes now drove through the crowded London streets with them dimmed with tears, murmuring as the people voiced their adoration, "How kind they are to me! How kind they are!"

Throughout her long life, as girl, young Queen, wife, and lonely, ageing monarch, three things had remained unchanging in her character: Simplicity, conscientiousness, a deep pride in her position and Kingdom.

YOUTHFUL LOVELINESS
THAT IS

so Natural



Safeguard your charm
with the magic of
"Top-Tone" Shade Control

Fragrant "Three Flowers" Face Powder clings like a second skin . . . gives you satin-smooth complexion loveliness, covers tiny skin flaws, lights up your natural beauty with youthful radiance. And with "Three Flowers" special "Top-Tone" ingredient the enchanting shade you wear remains unchanged for hours—whether your skin be oily or dry. Enjoy the blossom fragrance and long-lasting charm of

"Three Flowers"
— ask for it
to-day at
your usual
supplier.



three
flowers

FACE POWDER

Companions in glamour . . .
Lipstick, Rouge,
Creams, Brilliantine,
Tale, Perfume.



CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

TFB.142.49



TEENA returned
by huge majority

TEENA, comic strip teenager, has been re-elected by an overwhelming majority to appear again in The Australian Women's Weekly.

After receiving some critical letters about Teena, we invited our readers to decide by vote whether she should continue to appear or not.

Coupons and letters are still pouring in, although the closing date for recording votes was July 18. The proportion of voting in favor of Teena is about 1000 to one.

Most of her supporters think—as her critics do—that Teena is a foolish young thing, but they do not consider teenagers are likely to want to emulate her behaviour. It is this foolishness of Teena's, they say, that makes her so entertaining.

As well as filling in the coupon we provided, some enthusiastic Teena supporters collected long lists of signatures.

Lesley Hardy, Elsternwick, Vic., collected the names of 100 teenagers and their mothers in one day; ninety-three names signed a plea for Teena's reinstatement from "all the children and adults around Berry, N.S.W." "Yes, yes, a thousand times yes," 16-year-old Marjorie Reschke, of Mannum, S.A., added to her vote.

From the small community of Mataranka, near Darwin, came the plea, "We NEED Teena in Mataranka." Forty-five girls at Marrickville High School (N.S.W.) supplemented their coupon with a statement in inch-high capital letters, "WE WANT TEENA!"

And from a 58-year-old man in Parramatta (N.S.W.) came the most unusual reason for Teena's return, "We named our dear little black-and-white cocker spaniel Teena, because she is so joyously full of mischief—a novel angle on a controversial subject."

The "No" voters presented their case against Teena with marked tolerance and sincerity, but the "Yes" vote was so overwhelmingly in Teena's favor that her adventures will be resumed next week.



Your hairdresser knows the secret of "easy-to-manage" hair, that's why he often rubs a little Napro Hair Vitalizer into your curls. This scientifically blended preparation restores natural oils, and protects the suppleness of each tiny strand. Even if your hair is brittle or dull through harsh treatments, Napro Vitalizer will give frizzy "permed ends" new sparkling beauty. Loose dandruff disappears, too! So use Napro Hair Vitalizer yourself, or ask your hairdresser to use it.



Danger

MEN AT WORK . . .

Watch out girls! Take care of your heart when "that man" uses Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men. Just peep at that lustrous, vigorous look. Well groomed without "plastering" . . . "be-man" but not "wild-n'-woolly." And not a trace of dandruff! Napro Hair Vitalizer is a scientific preparation to keep scalp and hair healthy . . . hair well groomed.



RIVETS



Military Secret

Continued from page 5

BRIGADIER Epsilon smiled amusingly. "Unfortunately," he added, "there was another Erewhonian Command order against walking about the street with aerial photographs of coastal defences in your hands. Something to do with security and the possibility of an invasion. I hadn't read it, although I remember reading the one immediately before, because that was about Czechoslovakian troops having to pay for their spectacles."

"How often have I not told those dim bulbs at the War House that the military machine has now become too complex for any single mind to keep informed of all its aspects," the general said despairingly.

"And although the penalty was much severe, I couldn't turn back on what I had just said and say that the photographs were X-rays of my tooth, after all," the brigadier said. "After all, a chap's got to stick to his decisions."

"I couldn't agree with you more," the general said. "During the first World War I had to make a good many decisions myself, and I always stuck to them however wrong they were."

"So I came unstuck and dropped back to half colonel and old Cheedles was no end bucked about it," the brigadier continued.

He paused lugubriously, remembering his days in the wilderness. "Well," he went on, "we had a hard war of it all through 1941 and 1942 and 1943 and 1944, because the number of headquarters in Erewhonian Command kept on increasing, and, of course, I had still to keep paddling round to see that their P.A.D. buckets were all tickety-boo."

"Sometimes old Cheedles came with me, but as a general rule he stayed in his office, planning out some higher strategy about commandeering kids' sandpails because, of course, there soon weren't enough buckets to go round, what with D-Day approaching and the danger increasing of Hitler dropping incendiaries on first-class military objectives like old Cheedles and myself."

"The Clausewitzian technique of paralysing the nerve centres, eh?" the general said with kindly understanding.

"Something like that," the brigadier agreed. "Of course, I don't want to pat my particular job on the back too much, but the fact remains that if either I or old Cheedles had taken the count there would have been fewer buckets of water properly filled and tactically disposed."

"I've done my best to be patient with our civilian critics, but I've always said that they've never understood what a number of apparently disconnected factors a senior officer has got to keep in mind when planning either active

or defensive strategy," the general said.

"Then one day in February, 1945," the brigadier continued "when I was back at H.Q. trying to draft a report for the War House on the best means of employing captured enemy fire buckets in the event of our being involved in the war with Spain, with Iceland as our ally and Albania remaining neutral, old Cheedles came stamping into my office and asked me why I didn't have a chart on my wall showing the disposition of all the fire buckets in Erewhonian Command."

"Doing a spot of quick thinking, I said that I had prepared no chart of the disposition of fire buckets on purpose as I had always understood that such information was top secret and might furnish profitable military intelligence to enemy parachutists."

"Old Cheedles flew off the handle at that and said that all I had to do was to describe the fire buckets as tanks, as that would make the enemy think that we were better fortified than was the case. Anyway, to cut a long story short, he said that he wanted to be kept in the picture and ordered me with the most unsoldierly vehemence to prepare a chart of the fire buckets by eleven hundred hours the next day."

"The proper drill in such circumstances is, of course, to say 'Yes' and take no notice," the general said after a moment's thought. "I remember once taking a similar action in 1915 when I was run in for wearing light puttees and walking arm in arm with a chorus girl along Piccadilly."

"Well, sir, I said 'Yes' and took a lot of notice," the brigadier was forced to admit. "You see, by this time old Cheedles was three up on me in rank and that was rather a gulf to bridge, although I could still disagree with him about the weather in mess. Anyway, I got out the chart, but instead of calling the fire buckets tanks I called them hymn books, because I thought it would confuse enemy parachutists more."

"Reminds me of the time when I camouflaged a landing ground in Wales as the Folies Bergere by placing a statue of Florence Nightingale outside one of the hangars and cutting off the arms," the general said.

"To make it look like the Venus de Milan," he explained, realising that the brigadier's culture was perhaps inferior to his own.

"I can only hope that your effort was more appreciated than mine, sir," the brigadier said. "Next day old Cheedles was very naughty indeed. He came stamping into my office and asked what was the meaning of that silly chart on my wall."

Please turn to page 24

It isn't play-time grime that makes your wash-basin a sight...



It's harsh cleaning



But if you sprinkle a little VIM on a soft cloth...



VIM's added cleansing power will remove stains without harming the porcelain.



naileen

Heal poisoned finger quicks - and Tinea, quickly and painlessly, with Naileen. Colourless... easily applied... no bandages... money back guarantee.

naileen

2/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

Oh! my sore chest!

For the relief of Chest Colds, Chills, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, always use

Wawn's WONDER WOOL



"DRINKO"

The Alcohol Remedy that has restored thousands during the past 40 years. Easily taken in Food or Liquid. Tastes like Harbourside. FREE Booklet in Plain Wrapper. ROME WELFARE CO. (Dept. E), 226 Lill Collins St., Melbourne, Cn. 1376.

WORTH Reporting

AN unusual business venture, a cushion-hiring service, is operated by the Advanced Manufacturing Company, a group of ex-servicemen, in Claremont, Western Australia.

The leather cushions which they hire out are in great demand at big sports meetings.

The story of this enterprise goes back to 1947, when 40 men in Hollywood Repatriation Hospital, Perth, were discussing ways of supplementing their pensions. All were disabled, and unable to return to their pre-war occupations.

They decided to join together and start a leather business. Half the town helped to make the project a success.

Red Cross gave them the use of a basement room at Red Cross Headquarters, lent them sewing-machines and leather-working machines, and advanced £500 for wages and material. A clothing company cut out the material on its machines, a chemist taught the men dyeing technique, and a signwriter showed them silk-screen work.

The company specialises in leather bags, upholstery work, and builders' ties, but it was the cushion-hiring scheme, suggested by a Commonwealth Employment Service man, which put them on their feet.

When they outgrew their basement room Red Cross gave them the use of their building at the local showground free of charge.

All the men who work in the factory are shareholders. They are paid 3/- an hour, and receive dividends on a basis of hours worked.

Some can work for only one or two hours a day, but several have found that, after months of work, they have become well enough to seek outside employment.

ZOO surgeons have made a surgical boot for Carla, one of the four Indian elephants at the Whipsnade Zoo in Bedfordshire. Carla, who is five years old, is a German-born elephant on loan to Whipsnade. She was noticed walking lame, and proved to have a weak ankle. She now has a beautifully fitted leather boot with a strong and comfortable ankle support.

Napoleon's hair in exhibition

A LOCK of Napoleon's hair will be among the items exhibited in an exhibition of historical and art objects to be held in Sydney from October 19 to November 2.

The lock of hair is being loaned by the City Council. It was once owned by the late P. J. Smith, a former deputy Town Clerk. The hair is straight, dark brown, and very fine.

A letter, dated 1840, which accompanies the lock, says:-

"You may depend upon its being genuine. I got it from a lady whose brother was entrusted with despatches to this country (England) announcing Buonaparte's death. If I mistake not the said man, Major Crocra, had himself cut the lock from the head of the illustrious dead."

The exhibition, being arranged in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, has been postponed from August, because of light restrictions.



"Miss Hassett, I said, 'I was late this morning because my little legs are short.' So she wiped a big tear from her eye and dismissed me."

A SPECIAL "theatre train" now carries out-of-town theatre-goers to performances in New York City. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad guarantees prompt arrival at curtain time and immediate return after the show. Passengers may buy theatre tickets when they buy their train tickets.

The train starts at New Haven, Connecticut. Dinner is served en route, and supper on the way back.

You buy this house by the room

THERE'S a new "over the counter" house in Melbourne, bought by the single room. The required number of rooms are delivered to your building site, "bedded" on a prepared foundation and surrounded by Georgian pillars, Spanish mission patios, or whatever sort of architecture you fancy.

They're called Unit Houses, and are the invention of Melbourne architect Bernard Evans.

They are made from vermiculite (a mineral of the mica family) mixed with cement and several other ingredients reduced to liquid form. The mixture is poured over moulds of rooms and left to harden. Ceiling and four walls are made in one section.

Concrete-like in appearance, with sides and ceiling 2½ inches thick, the rooms are completely insulated against heat, cold, noise; they are fire-resistant and earthquake-proof, says Mr. Evans, and are swung into position on the foundation by a crane provided by the firm.

Would-be home owners make arrangements with their own builders for roofing and enclosure of the grouped units with a brick, concrete, or wood protective exterior "skin".

Mr. Evans' first Unit House has just been completed at 26 Capitol Avenue, Moorabbin.

Present costs work out at about £40 a room at the factory, but Mr. Evans hopes eventually to reduce the price to £10.

Four years' research has gone into the Unit House.

Mr. Evans, a former Tobruk Rat (then Brigadier Evans, G.O. of the 2/25 Battalion, A.I.F.), says he

"got cracking" as soon as he left the Army because he was worried about the problem of housing "the lads coming back."

A Melbourne University graduate and an Associate of the Australian and British Institutes of Architects, he is one of the few Australians with a building in London to his credit. He built Westralia House in Gresham Street, London, in 1937.

Colorful character from Burma

INTO our office last week came a colorful Somerset Maugham character, Major Archibald Clement Campbell Rogers, always called "Tiger" back in Burma.

"I suppose you want to know what I did in Burma, do you, Sis?" boomed the major to us.

"Well, I was supposed to do a lot of things in Burma. You might say I wasn't a mining magnate. I was a proprietary miner, and all my life I've been either rolling in money or wallowing in debt. Mostly wallowing in debt."

Major Campbell Rogers spent over 30 years in the East.

The major told us that during the war, when the Japs got his mine and everything he owned, he worked with intelligence, and designed a cooking outfit to be parachuted to commandos. But before the war he cut a swath through the East.

"Always had to sleep with a dah under my pillow, Sis," he said. (A dah is an 18-inch blade with a gleaming, well-sharpened edge.)

"Got used to the habit, and now I'm living with my daughter at Narrabeen, N.S.W. I still put the old dah under the pillow."

"I'm going to spend the rest of my life lying on the beach in a lousy (that's a sarong) and walking round in my banyans. They're black loose trousers with no buttons or braces. Just hitch them up."

"They're most sensible, and I'll wear them in any place where the police don't object."

"Tiger" Campbell Rogers told us how he used to sing Burmese songs in villages. "No swank about me," said "Tiger." "I can squat down, eat food with my fingers, and sing to the village all night."

"Tell them a lot of good jokes, y'know, and keep them amused. They never let me pay a pice for food. And I have a good collection of Burmese songs. They've got some tune in them, and as the night goes on the Burmese girls just have to get up and dance."

Whereupon the major sang us a ditty called "Shwe Nae," meaning "Why?" and a snatch from a famous Burmese love song, "The Golden Rose," which unfortunately we couldn't understand.

FOR the sake of their husbands' finances, it's just as well that two Melbourne housewives we heard at a charity fete weren't let loose in a model salon.

Passing beside the St. hat bar, they had a quick conference. Then one remarked to the other, "If we buy a pound's worth of these we'll be right for a couple of Saturdays!"

Teacher in caravan visits outback schools

TO provide a personal link between teachers in outback areas and headquarters, Mr. John Heffernan, of the Victorian Education Department, is now touring the Gippsland district in a caravan, "talking things over" with young teachers in charge of rural schools.

If the innovation proves successful, the scheme will be widened to cover the whole State.

Idea is that a departmental officer travelling round "with his home on his back" can pull up at a country school and spend as much time as necessary, helping teachers with their problems, without having to consider train schedules or accommodation arrangements.

With time at his disposal, Mr. Heffernan is also able to get to know school committees. He is spending up to a week in some country towns.

His "straightening out" tasks include giving pointers to young teachers coping with the running of their first schools, showing them how to keep departmental records up to date, and helping to solve accommodation problems.

Mr. Heffernan, whom the Department regards as ideal to launch the scheme, was formerly in charge of the Rural Schools section of the Teachers' Training College, Melbourne.

His dark-green painted caravan is equipped with a bed-sitting room, a shower, and cooking facilities.

Edwin Styles

now starring in the West End of London, sends us a cheerio -



"I'll always remember Australia -and Small's Club Chocolate."

"What a kind thought to remember how much I liked Small's Club Chocolate when I was in Australia. When I came off-stage at interval during yesterday's matinee I found a parcel of Small's Club Chocolate waiting for me in my dressing room. Believe me, I'd snapped into it in less time than it takes to write these words. There is nothing like that not-so-sweet flavor of Small's Club Chocolate. I am told that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. I can well believe it because Small's Club Chocolate breaks with such a clear, loud SNAP every time."

Small's make Great Chocolate

HERE'S THE NEW, EASY-TO-USE FIRST-AID DRESSING

WATERPROOF
Dalmas Dressings are completely waterproof, grease-proof, acid-proof.

INVISIBLE
Skin-colored Dalmas Dressings hardly show at all.

ALL-WAY STRETCH
Dalmas Dressings stretch in all directions—not just one way.

DALMAS GIVES YOU THESE FEATURES AS WELL...

- Non-fray. Edges on Dalmas Dressings really stay tight and neat.
- Keeps clean. Wash Dalmas Dressings like your own skin—they say "clean and keep on it."
- Antiseptic. Each Dalmas Dressing contains antiseptic to kill germs, encourage healing.

Handy, Dalmas Dressings are safe, easy-to-use. They're on in a second—and keep on. Doctors and Nurses recommend them because they lessen infection risks and encourage quick, natural healing.

IT STICKS—IT'S BRITISH

DALMAS THE NEW

PLASTIC FIRST-AID DRESSING

Made by A. de St. Dalmas, Leicester: surgical adhesive plaster makers since 1823.

1/11 stall Chemists and Stores.



Like to get outdoors?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and 'HUNGRY HAIR'.

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp

oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC

Double care — both Scalp and Hair



"THAT chart, sir,"

I said firmly, "represents the disposition of fire buckets in Erewhonian Command disguised as hymn books in order to confuse enemy parachutists and make them think that Britons are pacifists. You said that you wanted to be kept in the picture, sir?"

"Cheedles was furious. 'Now, look here, Epsilon,' he said, 'you know as well as I do that I'd never ask for a silly thing like that when what I wanted was a chart of the disposition of tanks in Erewhonian Command disguised as fire buckets.'"

"Sir," I said as respectfully as I could, "you distinctly said fire buckets disguised as tanks."

"In that case, what the blazes do you mean by giving me a chart of catechisms—disguised as enemy parachutists?" he asked.

"Of course, the silly ass meant enemy parachutists disguised as catechisms," the general said, in order to make it quite clear that he had been following the argument with his customary understanding.

"Anyway, it didn't matter what he meant because he said that he'd changed his mind since yesterday, and what he really wanted was a map of the Russian front," the brigadier continued sombrely.

"Here I was on dangerous ground because, although the man in the street knew that the Russians were likely to take Berlin any day, the War House wanted the Army still to think they were fighting round Minsk because of security. So I said that I'd chalk him out the outline of the Russian front every day, but that I'd put in Palestinian names instead of Polish or German ones just to confuse prying nitwits of lieutenant-generals."

"I beg your pardon, Epsilon," the general said a little huffily.

"I beg yours, sir," the brigadier said.

"Of course, I must admit that some of my colleagues aren't exactly geniuses," the general said.

"Well, every morning," the brigadier continued, "I had to copy out the Russian positions from the newspapers because, of course, I couldn't entrust the work to anyone else as it was so fearfully top secret, and every morning old Cheedles would come in and peer at it, and say that every mile the Germans retreated meant that our fire buckets could be advanced one foot, as the retreat

Continued from page 22

indicated that the enemy had less petrol with which to reach his objective."

He leaned towards the general. "Then one day when I had just completed the outline and hadn't filled in the Palestinian names, the silly old—I mean, sir, the otherwise highly intelligent general came in and asked me to take a copy of the map along to his old pal Bingo Haymish-Robinson, of the Royal Army Pay Corps, who had just got back from the Falkland Islands, where he had been so much in the thick of it that he hadn't had time to keep up with the minor details of the war."

"Know old Bingo well, the general said. "Frightful shyster, really. One of my best friends, of course."

"I told old Cheedles that, much as I respected the fact that he was a major-general and I was only a lieutenant-colonel, I couldn't take the responsibility of carrying a top-secret map through the streets, even though there were no names on it," the brigadier went on.

"But Cheedles said that it was an order and that if I was caught it was his ear, anyway, so, of course, I had to obey. I tried to put the thing in my pocket, but it was too big, and as soon as I had got out into the street, who should I run into but that pip-squeak of an Intelligence Corps major who had matted me in 1941, only he was a full colonel now."

"What's that you've got in your hand?" he asked. "Another mosaic of the coastal defences at Scarborough?"

"Nothing of the sort, sir," I said, because now it was my turn to be polite, seeing that he was the senior officer. "That's a sketch of my kidneys."

"How very vulgar of you, Epsilon," the general said.

"Your kidneys my elbow," the Intelligence colonel said; "that's a map of the retreat from Dunkirk; you'd better come along to headquarters for interrogation," the brigadier continued, deciding to ignore the general's criticism.

"Well, along we went to his headquarters, where I found the same brigadier still sitting there, only

he'd grown up into a major-general.

"Who made this so-called drawing of your kidneys?" he asked. "The M.O. at No. 2125 Hospital," I said, deciding to take a chance on it in the hope that I'd be able to get a word in the with the M.O. first, because I'd made up my mind I wasn't going to get run in twice for the same offence. "Can't you see, that's where the stone is?" I said, pointing to the ring I'd drawn round Breslau and hoping to appeal to his sense of pity. But the blighter hadn't any and rang up No. 2125 Hospital.

"Fortunately for me," the brigadier said, "the M.O. had been cross-posted that very morning and the new chap was so dumb that he really thought the map was a drawing of a stone in my kidney and he operated on me at once without any further examination because they were using the X-ray on an A.T.S. who'd just swallowed her identity disc and they were all in a flap because the poor girl had forgotten her religion."

"Of course I'm not having a nap, and you needn't frown at me like that, Epsilon, because I'm not deaf either," Colonel Squilkin-Jones said.

"Of course, they didn't find a stone, so they took out my appendix instead, and old Cheedles was so grateful at my saving him from a raspberry that he wrote a letter to the War House and had me made a brigadier," the brigadier said, ignoring the colonel's interruption.

"Fortunately, it didn't come out till later that there was an Erewhonian Command order dated December, 1944, allowing officers of the rank of lieutenant-colonel and above to carry maps of the retreat from Dunkirk, provided that they were not accompanied by civilians. Anyway, by that time I had become a military adviser on the Atomic Energy Commission, helping those rather clueless scientists to prepare for the next show."

"One doesn't like to brag, Epsilon, but sometimes I think that it's just as well for the country at large that the irresponsible theorists who govern us can always count on the loyal service of level-headed fellows like ourselves," the general said, reaching out for the empty brandy bottle which Colonel Squilkin-Jones had just inverted vainly over his open mouth.

(Copyright)

MRS. S. HUTCHINS OF 2 YORK STREET, MARYBOROUGH, Q., SAYS:

"Aunt Jenny, I'm just as proud of my Velvet washed clothes as you are of VELVET SOAP"

Mrs. Hutchins continues: "I didn't buy any linen all through the war years thanks to Velvet Soap." Yes, ladies, another Velvet user who agrees that Velvet is best for all washing.

Another Velvet admirer, Mrs. Stingel, 60 Evesham Road, Cheltenham, Victoria, writes: "I wouldn't be without Velvet Soap. When I order soap I always make sure to underline 'Velvet.' Thanks to Velvet my washing is done in no time."

"WHEREVER VELVET WASHING IS DONE YOU'LL HEAR THE SAME PRAISE", says Aunt Jenny
"AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY"

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at the dirt still ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SUDS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



Tune in every morning Monday to Thursday "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

V.167.35WW



It seems to me . . .

ONE thing that helps to make life tolerable is the fact that it is always possible to discover new pleasures.

In morbid moments you tend to believe that there's really nothing fresh.

You decide, for instance, that you like the beach, lighting fires, and eating black olives, and dislike work, film musicals, and tying-up parcels, and that life holds no further surprises.

And then you discover something entirely new, as I did last week-end—clearing lantana.

Now there's a job where you really see something for your money—slashing off branches, following tortuous roots through sandstone crevices, punching with Sherlock Holmes joy on their source, and heaving them out amid a shower of lizards and beetles.

My innocent pleasure and black face were evidently so diverting that nobody mentioned until later that you shouldn't use a new axe for branch-slashing.

Apparently, bouncing axes off sandstone does them no good.

However, a weapon called a "billhook" has now been acquired, and I understand I am welcome on the allotment any week-end while the lantana lasts.

The only thing that has dampened my enjoyment is the Australian Encyclopaedia, which, in its chapter on noxious plants, has the effrontery to say that Lantana camara (introduced as an ornamental shrub from tropical America) is "easily cleared."



Dorothy Drain

OF 2330 husbands questioned in America, 84.8 per cent. wash dishes regularly, 53 per cent. sometimes get their own breakfast, and 16 per cent. always do.

I asked a few wives how they thought Australian husbands compared. They said they doubted you'd find that percentage of male dish-washers in this country.

Dish-driers, yes. Plenty of Australian men dry dishes fairly regularly—not, of course, that they ever learn where to put them.

"I've been married 19 years," one wife said, "and my husband still hasn't a clue to where to put the saucers."

All the wives agreed that men had definitely improved as home helps. Why, I can remember myself when the clothes washing concealed it from his friends.

If such a secret leaked out in an office, it often caused amusement not only to the men, but to the ladies, more shame to them. "Hen-pecked!" they whispered.

I'm inclined to think that this change is not only because paid domestic help is now the exception, but because there are so many fascinating new home devices that men can't keep their fingers off them.

The change is all to the good, but—and here I express a dangerous opinion—I don't believe a man, if his wife has no outside job, should be a slave in the house.

He ought to be helpful, especially in emergencies or when there are several children. He ought to be able to get a meal—not, in fact, be a helpless idiot—but, as a wage-earner, he's entitled to some rest and recreation.

THE Disposals stores have been a happy hunting ground for emergency equipment—canned heat, camp stoves, tripods for billies, and dikes for heating bath water.

Should you be in tow with an old soldier in one of these stores, it's hard work to get him out.

"Washed hundreds of these in my time," he says proudly as you examine the dikes to study their capacity for bath-water heating.

He fingers lovingly the texture of drill and canvas, sniffs appreciatively at the aroma of slightly used waterproofs.

For me, this Defence Department surplus has a different attraction. It's all stamped with my initials.

PROFESSOR MARCUS OLIPHANT, famous atomic scientist, when he arrived in Australia, said preparations were being made to build at Canberra a new machine which in its capabilities would dwarf the cyclotron. It had not yet been named, but might be described as a "synchro-cylosynchrotron."

Might it, now? Well, that makes it quite clear.

THAT picture recently published in Australia showing the woman sergeant who fainted during a parade inspection by Princess Elizabeth caused a mild sensation in England, and questions were asked in the House of Commons.

The Minister for War said Army regulations made no provision for a soldier fainting on parade, but that it was common practice for "the nearest N.C.O. to fall out and detail two other ranks to remove the individual to the rear, looche his collar and belt, and arrange for medical attention."

This seemingly frank answer really avoids the question. A lady sergeant on parade is no doubt anxious to cut a good figure. Having fainted, she might easily need more than her collar and belt unloosed.

If the Army now drafts regulations on the matter, I'm looking forward to seeing them.

Favourite pen of all the world

Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

Parker "51," most beautiful pen ever made, surpasses all others in technical precision. Words flow spontaneously from the unique tubular nib which is tipped with a wear-resistant alloy. The patented ink trap maintains an even flow—correctly filled Parker "51" never leaks or blobs. All vital parts including the patented self-filler are hidden safely inside the streamlined barrel.

Available with Rolled Gold Cap, price 110/- . . .
Lustrous Cap, price 90/- . . . in Black, Dark Grey, Color Blue or Cardinal Brown.

OTHER FAMOUS PARKER PENS.

DUOFOLD. The finest pen at its price in the world—streamlined and handsome. Rolled gold arrow-clip holds pen low and safe in pocket. Finest quality smooth-writing 14 carat gold nib, price 47/6.

VICTORY. Moderately priced but retaining all the elegance and efficiency that goes with every Parker pen. This attractive model is light, and perfectly balanced—price 29/4.

Parker "51"

Distributors for Australia:

BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED

MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH

Fill your pen with QUINK—a protective ink for all good fountain pens.



Sniffling Misses



Miss on Kisses . . .

THERE'S no romance in a damp hanky. No dates, no fun—it's all "ooes" with a running nose. But don't moan—you can clear your head, and soothe your sore throat easily, pleasantly, with a SWEET with a delectable flavour. Allen's BUTTER-MENTHOL. Slip a packet in your wallet and don't let a running nose put a damper on your fun.



A. W. ALLEN LIMITED.
STEAM ROLLERS, ACE CHEWING GUM AND Q.T. FRUIT DROPS

Banish Denture Odour!

with

MILTON

CHEMISTS ONLY

DENTURE POWDER

PRICE 3/-

CAN you hear, O my brethren, in the suburb,
The sound of rustling paper, scratching pens?

Can you hear the groans and sighs, a murmured hubbub

As of lions softly growling in their dens?

Can you hear the harried cries of worried spouses

As the brain a mass of figures whirls and churns?

In a million dimly lighted, chilly houses

They are filling in their Income Tax Returns.



TRUCK-DRIVERS keep driving in all weathers. Colin Desmond (right), his wife, and baby Pat, of Wollongong, and Stan Chudleigh, Port Kembla, drive in rain with fruit from Leeton for Wollongong.



FRIENDLY CHAT at hotel at Breadalbane, N.S.W., for truck-drivers, while publican Fred Bridge pours for them. From left: Ernie Stewart, Doug Buddle, Alan Beattie, Jack Williams, Pat Ryan, and Bill Heffernan.



HERDS OF TLE Here, trucks of the truckers



EARLY MORNING FROST on windscreen of his big trailer is polished off by Jim Herring, of Enfield, N.S.W. Frosts are the bane of Jim's existence while driving. His feet get cold.

TRUCK DRIVERS ON THE JOB



OIL-CHECK at Camden after long trip from Adelaide is made by Keith and Marjorie Smith. Drivers often take wives on long trips.



HEAVY FOG is another road hazard. These trucks are stuck in fog near Mittagong, N.S.W. The fog was spread over the road. "There's miles and miles of this," says the driver.



ADELAIDE DRIVER Ken Beythien eats meal from cafe and minds truck at same time at Gundagai, N.S.W. Transport drivers snatch meals where they can get them.



TWO HOURS' SLEEP had refreshed Gary Taylor, Captain's Flat, N.S.W., before his photograph was taken early in the morning.



QUEUES are among hazards drivers meet on country roads. A few miles out of Yass, N.S.W., for herd to pass. Some are not built for long haulage and break down frequently.

DAY AND NIGHT



These were photographed at 3 a.m. driving slowly through thick fog over a wide area, and some drivers shouted friendly warning. Pictures by staff photographer Ernest McQuillan.



FEW HOURS' SLEEP by roadside for driver John Rossiter, while his friend Neville Moremon lights a cigarette. John had his first truck breakdown in three years on trip near Euroa, Vic. Neville, a painter out of work because of strike, helped him with loading. This picture was taken at 1.30 a.m.



UNSHAVEN after long trip, John Daniell, Newtown, N.S.W., said a bath and shave are first things he thinks of when he gets home.



OWNER-DRIVER Pat Ryan, Bentleigh, Victoria, has three trucks carrying foodstuffs interstate. Truck he drove carried vegetables.



PRODUCE STORE which he owns at Wentworthville, N.S.W., is reason for Alan Beattie's trips to get supplies. He usually travels in convoy with drivers he meets at markets.

Luscious Lemon Pie



... a KRUSTO creation by
ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert



KRUSTO LEMON PIE

Mix Krusto Pastry Mix with water, roll out and line a shallow pie dish. Prick bottom of pastry with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until golden brown. Allow to cool. **Filling:** Soak 2 teaspoons gelatine in ½ cup cold water about 5 minutes. Mix 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt in a double boiler. Cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, remove from stove and chill until it begins to set. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff, add ½ cup sugar, beating continually. Fold into cooled mixture and pour into pie shell. Serves 4.

For honey-gold, light-as-a-breeze, digestible pastry use only KRUSTO Pastry Mix.

You add nothing to Krusto but water. No precious butter, no sugar—Kraft experts put everything in Krusto that's needed for the crispest, tastiest pastry that ever made your mouth water. Ask for Krusto Pastry Mix.

KRUSTO PASTRY MIX

Just add water, mix and roll.

Relieve colds
where they
start—

with
instant acting
Mistol

The gentle but positive action of Mistol on the nasal membranes, gives speedy relief from nasal congestion, hoarseness, irritation of the Bronchial Tubes, Asthma and Hay Fever. At the first signs of nasal infection place a few drops of Mistol in each nostril—and you'll breathe normally. For exceptionally stubborn cases ask your chemist for Mistol with Ephedrine.



Mistol
STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 7

THEY went to their table, and Lefty Langan was not mentioned again during dinner. But when they were having coffee and liqueurs, Jack leaned back in his chair and looked at Agatha.

"It's not maternal Agatha?" Jack said.

Agatha met his steady gaze, and smiled.

"If you think my attempt to put Lefty on his feet is because of a mad, consuming passion," she said lightly, "forget it." She sat up straighter. "By golly, that is what you think, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," he said in a tone that indicated it was precisely what he meant.

Agatha looked at him, pressed her lips together, and said sharply. "Now, look here, Jack, I don't like this examining of motives and emotions. I found that my life was pretty empty and I'm trying to fill it up, that's all."

There was no further discussion of Agatha's motives, whatever they were. Agatha thought that she knew quite well what they were. She had simply been bored, and fed up, and an opportunity for excitement had presented itself.

Yes, she had felt sorry for Lefty Langan, and her interest had been quickened, as any normal girl's would be, by his little, graceful movements, his brilliant eyes, and soft voice. But that was all.

Jack took her to Grand Central in a cab, and as they parted at the train gate Agatha said, "I hope you'll come out some week-end and see how we're doing."

Once she was settled on the late train, Agatha prepared her thoughts for the transition to Menasset. She had gone much deeper into this thing than she had ever intended, and she felt that her mother was going to be a problem.

Her day with Lefty Langan would surely affect her mother's attitude, one way or another, and Agatha was anxiously expectant when she met Gwen on the station platform at Menasset.

Gwen's greeting was "Agatha, do you know what that boy did? He shot a seventy-nine!"

Agatha smiled. "Lefty did?"

"Frank. Yes. He cut a pretty wide swath at the country club, Agatha, and he handled himself very well. You see, I had to concede he was a boxer. Everybody knew it, anyway."

"Because of Charlie Harper?"

"Yes, and the man at the store. You see, Frank wanted a jumping rope, and he bought it and two tennis balls. He's been going around squeezing tennis balls, to tighten his grip or something."

"I gather you and Lefty got along all right?" Agatha said.

Gwen smiled faintly, watching the road. "I wish you'd been out at the country club, Agatha. That Selma Morrow made a beeline for Lefty—I mean Frank. She made a beeline for him and wangled him for dinner on Friday night."

"We'll call that off," Agatha said sharply. "He's in training." She thought that the moment was propitious and added, "By the way, we'll be having another visitor to-morrow."

"Who?"

"Oscar Gumper," Agatha said. "He ran the bar for Uncle Leo. He's going to help Lefty train."

"You mean he'll be staying with us, too, Agatha?"

"Mother," Agatha said, "how is the time to say yes or no. Oscar is Lefty's manager, and he's coming out here to train him. Our house will be a regular fight camp. If you object, we can all go back to New York."

"I ought to say no," Gwen said. She turned the station wagon into the drive and braked.

For a moment she sat in silence, then she said thoughtfully, "Agatha, suppose we make an agreement. If you go back to the library and behave yourself, and give this town a little less to talk about, I'll put up with this three-ring circus here at home. For a week or so."

"Mother, it's a deal," Agatha cried. She patted Gwen's shoulder. "Hop out, and I'll put the car away."

Gwen got out, and Agatha slid behind the wheel. As she did so she saw that the house was dark, and said, "It's early to bed for Lefty, and I see he's already there."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Gwen said. "He's out with a girl."

"A girl? Selma Morrow?"

"No, not Selma Morrow. Some red-headed girl who showed up this evening. An old friend of Lefty's. I believe. She's staying at the Menasset House."

"Oh!" Agatha said. "Lucille!"

"That's it," Gwen said. "Lucille. They went out to dinner and I lent them the convertible."

Agatha put the car in reverse and backed violently out of the drive.

"I'll be right back, Mother," she called, and shot away.

The Menasset House was on the main street, set back under the trees; its taproom, popular locally, was isolated in the east wing.

Agatha recognised the Christopher convertible parked at the fern and turned the station wagon in behind it. She hurried up a flagged walk to the entrance to the taproom, and as she opened the door a clear voice said, "Look who's here!"

Selma Morrow was sitting at the bar with Charlie Harper. Selma was a lean, active girl with burning eyes.

"Come and have a drink with us, Agatha," Charlie said.

Agatha shook her head. Her eyes swept the taproom, and she saw red hair bright under a wall lamp. Lefty was there with Lucille, his head bent, his big hands turning a match-box over and over. Both were drinking highballs.

"Excuse me," Agatha said, and walked on across the taproom to Lefty's table. She was fiercely angry and her voice showed strain when she said, "Breaking training, Lefty?"

"Hi, Aggie," Lefty said.

"Hello, Lucille," Agatha said. "I hardly expected to find you out here."

Lefty said, "Sit down," and pulled out a chair for Agatha, without getting up. Agatha sat down and Lucille said, "Oscar wouldn't tell me where Lefty went, but Lefty telephoned me today. He telephoned and asked me to come out."

"That's right," Lefty said. "Aggie, I had to talk it over with Lucille. I told her I'd quit the ring. I made her a promise, see?"

Agatha looked at him blankly, and said, "Just what's happened? If you made a promise, it was already made before you came out here, wasn't it? Yet you came out."

She turned to Lucille. "Don't you think it's something Lefty should decide for himself? He wants to fight, and I don't think anyone should make him promise not to."

"Lefty decided for himself," Lucille said.

Agatha spread her hands helplessly.

"Well, it's up to you," she said to Lefty. "You can go back or you can stay here, but you've got to make up your mind once and for all. We're serious about this thing. Oscar and I bought your contract from Benny Small. Oscar put in five hundred dollars and he's planning to be your manager."

Lucille's voice broke in sharply. "Lefty's not fighting any more, Miss Christopher."

Agatha went on talking to Lefty. "So if you quit and go back to the drugstore, Oscar is out five hundred dollars."

"Aggie—" Lefty began. He paused and looked down at his glass, picked it up, and took a swallow. He glanced at Lucille, then his eyes met Agatha's, withdrawn under the ridge of his brows. "Aggie, I don't belong out here, anyhow. This set-up ain't right for me. I couldn't train out here, anyhow."

"Oscar's coming up in the morning," Agatha said. "Anything that's not right we'll change. And if you still don't like it here, you can go back and train in Skelly's Gym."

"I don't know, Aggie," Lefty said. "You see I—well, Lucille don't like it."

Agatha burst out, "Can't you make your own decisions?"

Lucille said, "Now just a minute," in a rising voice. "This is between me and Lefty, Miss Christopher."

Please turn to page 29

Interesting People



COMMANDER A. S. S. STOREY
... joint intelligence

NEW Director of Joint Intelligence Bureau in Melbourne is Commander A. S. S. ("Donk") Storey, R.A.N. College graduate, in 1942 he became the youngest Australian naval officer to be promoted to Commander. He has the D.S.C. and Bar. After the war Commander Storey was made Director of Naval Intelligence, and last year took command of H.M.A.S. Bataan when on occupation duties in Japanese waters for several months.



MISS JOYCE BURNS GLEN
... information

CHIEF of editorial staff at recently reopened U.S. Information Service, Sydney, is Miss Joyce Burns Glen. Went to London ten years ago to work on Arthur Mee's Children's Newspaper, later was sent to Canada as travelling correspondent for same publication. During the war she joined the Australian Legation in Washington as a cipher officer, then was assistant editor of the Australian News and Information Bureau in New York.



MR. J. H. SUGDEN
... aboriginal names

COLLECTION of over 6000 aboriginal place-names and meanings has been made during past four years by retired woolman Mr. J. H. Sugden, of Sydney. He first became interested in aboriginal dialects as a boy playing with black workers on father's Murray sheep property in the 70's. Carries on lively interstate correspondence with fellow collectors, receives frequent requests to help name houses, and adjudicates in arguments.

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 28

AGATHA turned quickly and looked at her. Lucille's lips were moist. Her voice was tight and wound-up.

"I'm thinking of Lefty, not just myself," she said. "Miss Christopher, what do you know about the fight racket? You live out here in the country and drink cocktails and play golf and bridge, and what do you know about the fights? Fighters get bumped around, they get punchy. My own brother is punchy from fighting."

"Aggie, when I fought Lucille's brother he was out cold for twenty minutes," Lefty said. "It was his last fight. That's when I first met Lucille, after that fight that night." He shifted uneasily on his chair.

"Yeah, I felt bad," he said. "I helped Lucille take him home, and we wrapped him up in blankets and we sat there all night. You can't blame Lucille for the way she feels about fights."

"I suppose not," Agatha said. She thought she understood the relationship between Lefty and Lucille. There was a compulsion on Lefty's part because of the fight with Lucille's brother, and he found relief in her soft, enveloping affection.

"Lefty," she said, "are you afraid anything like that is going to happen to you?"

"I guess every fighter thinks about a same time, Aggie." He looked at Lucille. So did Agatha.

"Of course, I'm sorry about your brother, Lucille, but I wonder if it's Lefty's getting hurt you're afraid of. Maybe it's Lefty's success you're afraid of."

"Success?" Lucille said, and for a moment she looked disconcerted, then her lips curled.

"Lefty's no fighter, Miss Christopher," she said. "Lefty's not cut out for the ring. Eddie Manolo did Lefty a favor, knocking him out."

"Oscar thinks Lefty's a fighter," Agatha said firmly. "Oscar thinks Lefty can go up top."

Lefty brightened. "Oscar said that, did he?"

"Now, never mind," Lucille said, with a rasp in her voice. "Just never mind. We were doing fine until you came slumping down to Leo's Place, Miss Christopher."

"And, Lefty, Uncle Leo had confidence in you," Agatha said. "He put up money to help you. If you want to fight, for goodness' sake make up your mind for yourself." She looked at Lucille. "Don't let anybody drag you down."

"What do you mean, drag him down?" Lucille said. "I'm trying to help Lefty."

"I don't think so," Agatha said. "I think it's yourself you're trying to help."

Her voice cut through his turmoil of emotions like a knife as she bluntly said, "You're using a morbid hold on Lefty for your own purposes. You're afraid of his success because you're afraid you'll lose him. That's what I think, Lucille."

Lucille suddenly began to cry, and Agatha was all at once revolted by herself and by the whole situation.

A clear voice said behind Agatha, "How about we join you kids? Do you mind, Agatha?"

Selma Morrow was there beside Agatha, smiling, alert to the situation. Charlie was a step behind her, looking embarrassed.

"I met Mr. Langan this afternoon at the country club and I'm fascinated," Selma said. "Do you mind my being fascinated, Mr. Langan? I never met a prize-fighter before."

Lucille was on her feet clutching her handbag. She pushed her chair aside and started towards the door, and Lefty lunged to his feet. Agatha cried, "Lefty, wait!"

But he only turned, spread his hands, then he went on out after Lucille.

"My goodness," Selma said in a tone of sweet concern, "were we interrupting something?"

Agatha passed her by, tight-lipped, and hurried out to the station wagon. Behind the wheel, before turning the ignition key, she looked back towards the Menasset House and saw Lefty and Lucille standing together under an elm tree.

She had no right, she thought, no right at all, to interfere in the lives of these people. It was Lefty's problem, and Lucille's.

Lights were burning in the Christopher house, and Gwen was waiting. Agatha was glad that they

met in near darkness on the lawn after she had put the station wagon away. She told Gwen what had happened.

"Probably it's just as well," Agatha, Gwen said. "Let the girl take him back to New York."

"Yes," Agatha said. "But it's too bad Selma was there," Gwen said sympathetically. "Selma didn't know what was going on."

"Exactly," Gwen said. "That's what makes it worse."

"Oh, well," Agatha murmured. "I'm not worried about what Selma says, or anybody else."

A long time later the sound of the convertible braking at the garage awakened Agatha. She knew it was very late, and she listened to Lefty's dragging footsteps as he came slowly up the stairs.

Agatha sat up in bed, waited a moment, then called, "Lefty?"

"I was hoping you were awake, Aggie," his voice said. "Can you come to the door?"

Agatha slipped on her negligee and crossed to the door.

"I wanted to tell you, Aggie," he said, "everything is okay." He shifted his feet uneasily. "I'm gonna fight."

"Lefty," Agatha said softly, "I don't want to come between you and your girl. I lost my temper. If you want to call it off, it's all right with me."

"I'm gonna fight," he said doggedly. "I told her I was gonna fight, Aggie. I told her I wasn't gonna let her drag me down. It's true what you said." His eyes were dark and expressionless.

"She's going back to town first train in the morning, Aggie, and I'm staying here. But I made her a promise. It's like this, Aggie. If I get knocked out I'm through."

"I see," Agatha said. "All right, Lefty. If you're knocked out, we tear up the contract."

He grinned shyly. "But I tell you this," he said. "It will take a tough man to knock me out, Aggie."

THE sun rose next morning on a Connecticut hill-top pastoral of house, barn, and sighing oaks; it set on a fighter's training camp.

The transition began when Oscar got off the train in mid-morning, bringing a duffel bag into which he had crammed punching-bag and training gloves, headgear and shoes, trunks and jerseys, bandages and medical kit, and a very handsome bathrobe of pale blue with "Lefty Langan" stitched in red letters on the back.

By afternoon Oscar had the punching-bag installed, and he had Lefty Langan, in sweat-shirt and sweat-pants, working out the whisky he had drunk the night before. Lefty did callisthenics, skipped shadow-boxed, and, later, had a run down on a refectory table he and Oscar carried down from the attic.

A carpenter came and started to build a ring.

"Let's hope nobody gets hurt," Gwen said stonily. "Agatha, remember your promise. Have you called Roy Smith?"

"I'll do it now," Agatha said.

She told Roy Smith on the telephone that she was willing to give her mornings to the library for the time being, at least until someone was found to take her place, and he said, "About that book-buying committee, Agatha, I'll just appoint that committee and you can go ahead and buy the books."

While she was at the telephone she had seen a yellow convertible turn into the drive, and when she reached the lawn she saw Charlie Harper at the door of the barn.

"Morning, Agatha," he said. "I was just running down the rumor."

"What rumor?"

"It's all over town," Charlie said. "They were saying that prize-fighter is going to train out here."

"You can now report it as a fact," Agatha said.

Please turn to page 30

Now

AUSTRALIA'S NATURAL FOOD DRINK

costs only

2¹/₆
A HALF POUND

It's nourishing — a hot cup of Bourn-vita before bed will fill you with a warm glow of comfort as it soothes you off to a deep, refreshing sleep and restores you to face the day ahead with a smile.

It's delicious — give Bourn-vita to the kiddies. It's a treat for them and a satisfaction to you to know they are getting the goodness of malt and eggs and the extra milk in this smooth chocolaty drink.



2¹/₆ THE HALF POUND TIN
4¹/₆ THE POUND TIN

Bourn-vita is a food and a drink all in one made by Cadbury's from pure, natural foods. It contains nothing else but rich barley malt, full cream milk, eggs and chocolate. Nothing is added because nothing needs to be added.

But don't forget to insist on Bourn-vita. It costs no more but is so much better. Ask your grocer or chemist for Bourn-vita. There is no substitute for its natural, nourishing goodness.

BOURN-VITA

... it's food and drink to you.

VTR430

CHARLIE made a snorting noise, then said: "And who was that redhead last night? What was going on here?"

"It's none of your business, Charlie."

Oscar Gumper came to the door of the barn, gave Charlie Harper a questioning look, then turned to Agatha.

"I think I better lay down the law, Aggie," he said. "This is a training camp from now on, and we've got to have rules. What I mean is, this here barn will be 'out of bounds' most of the time. We'll be working hard." His expression was very determined.

"Lefty's gonna box six rounds a day for a while, working on that stance. He's gonna box until he's worn out, and when he can do that without switching to southpaw when it's tough, he's ready. We got to round up some good boys to spar with him."

Charlie said: "Maybe I can help you out on that. I know some of the people in New Haven. I go down there to the fights pretty often. I can get you some boys."

Oscar gave him a careful look, said: "Sure, I'd like to look 'em over, but I want boxers, not sluggers."

"I'll make a call in the morning," Charlie said.

"Thanks," Oscar said. "Now, Aggie, if you can take me out in your car, I want to pick out a place for Lefty's roadwork."

The next day the routine began. Oscar and Lefty were gone early in the morning for road work, and the starting motor of the station wagon awakened Agatha. She had finished her breakfast and was having her second cup of coffee when they returned, waved to her, and went to the barn.

Agatha went into the barn after she got back from the library.

Oscar was bandaging Lefty's hand. On the table stood a kit bag with bottles, cotton swabs, and surgical scissors.

"What's all this for?" Agatha asked.

"You got to have it on hand, Aggie," Oscar explained. "You got to be ready for anything in a fight."

Agatha said softly, "I've never seen a fight, except on television and in the newsreels."

Lefty smiled at her. "I'm in shape already," he said. "I was telling Oscar..."

"Oscar's telling you," Oscar said. "You ain't telling Oscar nothing. Now go over and punch that bag."

That night after dinner Lefty asked Agatha, "Any mail for me?"

"No, I didn't see any, Lefty."

He nodded. "I wasn't looking for anything. I just thought I'd ask."

"Give her time, Lefty," Agatha said softly. "She'll write."

"I don't care if she writes," he said, shrugging self-consciously.

Oscar called from the next room. "Lefty, I got the cards dealt."

Lefty went to play gin rummy, and Agatha had the realization that Oscar was deliberately separating her from Lefty, and he was narrowing Lefty's life to just the two of them—Dahler and trainer. She understood.

It was early to bed and early up for Lefty and Oscar. Three miles of road work, a shower and rub-down before breakfast, the rhythm of the punching-bag in the barn, the staking grace of shadow-boxing, the heavy, thumping blows to the sand dummy, and after two days the slap of leather on flesh.

Charlie Harper had made his call, and two stocky boys arrived one day on the bus from New Haven, bringing headguards and boxing equipment. The sparring was about to begin when Charlie Harper drove up in his yellow convertible. With him was Selma Morrow.

Oscar turned a quick glance of disapproval on Selma, but said nothing. Selma stood near the door with Agatha, and Charlie produced a stop-watch and timed the rounds, while Oscar stood clutching a ring post, shouting advice to Lefty.

"Agatha, I'm green with envy," Selma said. "How did you ever think of such a thing? I think I'll get me a prize-fighter, too—with those same blue eyes."

Agatha let it pass, but the next day she said to Charlie Harper, "You're a lot of help around here,

Charlie. Oscar said so himself. But this is a training camp, and for goodness' sake don't bring any more vultures like Selma Morrow."

Charlie nodded. He was on hand every afternoon for the work-out, and Oscar was glad to have his help timing the rounds, but Oscar barred any other spectators except Agatha and Gwen.

The boxers in the ring, eyes narrowed and sharp in the shadow of their head-guards, puffed and grunted, danced and parried, Agatha came to understand the blows, and she began to see the pattern of it.

Lefty had a straight, driving right, and his always dangerous left hook. She learned to watch his manoeuvres to bring them into use. She would watch him wait for a straight left, block it with his glove as he side-stepped, then throw his short, vicious left hook. Several times he knocked a sparring partner down.

"The boy can counter-punch," Charlie Harper remarked.

"He sure can," Oscar said proudly.

"Watch him work that right cross."

A WEEK had gone by very quickly when Oscar said one day, after the work-out: "Our boy's come a long way, Aggie. Another week or two, he'll be set."

Charlie said, "How about his taking a fight over in New Haven, for a tune-up?"

"I been thinking about it," Oscar said. "If I could find him a nice soft spot, I mean. A good boxer without much punch."

"I sold the matchmaker down there a piece of property once, Oscar," Charlie said. "I'll talk it over with him."

The postman still had left nothing for Lefty, and Agatha thought he looked depressed in the evenings when he played cards with Oscar.

The night Charlie Harper reported on a possible match with a boy named Sonnyboy Jones, who has lost thirty of his forty-seven professional fights, usually by knock-outs, Lefty sat shuffling the cards.

"The boy can box," Charlie said.

Continued from page 29

"But he has a glass jaw, Oscar. He goes down easy, once he's tagged."

Lefty said, still shuffling the cards, "How do you like that name? Sonnyboy?"

"I guess it started him fighting," Oscar said. "A kid with a nickname like that has got to fight."

"I guess so," Lefty said. "Let's fight him. I'll give him a boxing lesson."

"I knew a pretty cocky kid once," Oscar said heavily. "He was a fighter, and he boxed the main event at St. Nick's with a slugger named Eddie Manolo. Remember that cocky kid, Lefty?"

Lefty flushed. "Yeah," he said. "I remember."

"Don't ever forget him," Oscar said. "All right, Charlie, I'll go into New Haven and we'll sign."

Oscar shook his head uneasily when Lefty went out of the room. "The boy's on edge," he said to Agatha. "I think I'd better slack off work, Aggie. I don't want to train him down too fine."

"His trouble is Lucille," Agatha said. "He hasn't heard from her."

Oscar granted. "He'll do okay without Lucille."

As the night of the fight in New Haven approached, Lefty's spirits seemed to improve, although no mail came. Oscar omitted road work for a couple of mornings and sent Lefty out to play golf with Gwen.

Twice he took Lefty to the pictures in Menasset, and on the day before the fight he borrowed the station wagon after dinner and took Lefty out for a drive. While they were gone the telephone rang.

It was the railroad station calling, with a telegram for Francis Langan. It was signed "Lucille," and the message was "Good luck."

Agatha had been fashioning the letters Lefty Langan on the back of a new white sweater. She returned to her work and had just finished as the station wagon climbed the hill.

Agatha went to meet them at the garage carrying the sweater. She said quietly, "I have a message for you, Lefty."

WHEN Agatha had given him the message, Lefty frowned. Suddenly he seemed hard, almost hostile. "That's all she said, eh? Lucille can go hang. She wishes me good luck or bad, it's all the same to me."

"Is it?" Agatha said.

"You think I care if Lucille wishes me good luck?" Lefty said. "You got it wrong, Aggie." He hesitated.

"Aggie, I'm just a boy from the West side, but I been around," he said. "Down where I was brought up, it's a pretty tough neighborhood. Then I was in the Navy. And after that I was jerking sodas. All that time I never knew a risky dame."

"Lefty," Agatha said, puzzled and disturbed. "What are you getting at?"

He showed a twisted smile, his eyes seemed to burn. "I remember I used to go up to Forty-second Street with some of the guys, and we'd hang around the corners to watch 'em go by." He laughed.

"I was a kid then, and I thought they were pretty high class until I wised up. In the canteens they had for servicemen, they'd come in and give you a dance and a fast brush-off, and their patriotic duty was done. I guess you know what I mean, all right, Aggie."

"For heaven's sake," Agatha said. "do you mean you think I'm one of those?"

"What do you think?"

Agatha spread her hands helplessly. "But, Lefty, why? What's the matter? I thought we were good friends."

"Yeah?" Lefty said. "As long as I'm out in the barn, sure. That's the only time you got a word to say to me."

"Now, look here," Agatha said angrily. "You're left alone with Oscar because he wants it that way. You can ask Oscar—"

"Let me tell you one more thing," Lefty said. "You been worried about getting me in a good mood for the fight. Don't you worry. I feel like fighting."

Abruptly he walked away, brushing past her.

To be continued

(ADVERTISEMENT)



LABOUR POLITICS have brought hardships to most women

THE battle to keep the family clothed and fed is wearing women down. The shortages of light and fuel and the ever-rising prices add to their burdens.

Especially when it seems that the whole power of government is being used by Labour Governments (pledged to Socialism) to make the task of the housewife more and more difficult.

Women's chance will soon come to

Throw Labour out of office!

INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, N.S.W., 19 Bligh St., Sydney. R. S. Coates, Director.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE, Master magician, and LOTAR, his giant Nubian servant, are aboard the yacht Jason, which CAPTAIN BLAINE Commands. PRINCESS NARDA: Is also with them. The Jason arrives at the Atalan Deep, and fishermen who were visiting the Jason leave for

own craft. They want to be away before night. It is almost dark as they leave. Suddenly a weird light rises from the water right where the craft is. It disappears! Next day Mandrake dons a diver's suit to be ready if the light shines again. NOW READ ON:



NIGHT OVER THE ATALAN DEEP! SUDDENLY, WEIRD LIGHT GLOWS OVER THE WATER! "THE DEATH FIRE!" CRIES MANDRAKE. HE ADJUSTS HIS HELMET, AND STARTS DOWN, UNDERWATER!



MINUTES PASS--THE "DEATH FIRE" CONTINUES TO GLOW STRANGELY, WEIRDLY, OVER THE WATER. THERE IS A TUG ON MANDRAKE'S LINE. HE'S SIGNALLING NOT TO LOWER HIM ANY FARTHER.



FIFTY FEET BENEATH THE SURFACE, MANDRAKE SEES SOMETHING! THE MAGICIAN HAS SEEN A LOT IN HIS LIFE, BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS! HE WONDERES IF HIS EYES ARE DECEIVING HIM IN THESE MURKY DEPTHS!



THIS IS WHAT MANDRAKE SEES!

INVESTIGATING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A FISHING BOAT IN THE ATALAN DEEP, MANDRAKE IS ATTACKED BY A GIANT SEA HORSE, FIFTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE!



GETTING MANDRAKE'S SIGNAL, THEY PULL UP HIS LINES--TO FIND THEM SEVERED! "HIS LINES--ARE CUT!" SCREAMS NARDA.



LOTAR DOESN'T WAIT TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE. HE'S INTO THE WATER IN A FLASH, AND BLAINE RESTRAINS THE FRANTIC NARDA, WHO WANTS TO FOLLOW HIM.



DIRECTLY BELOW THE JASON LOTAR SPOTS MANDRAKE, DRIFTING IN A SUB-SURFACE CURRENT. HE SWIMS TO HIM IN POWERFUL STROKES.



TO BE CONTINUED

"Join the fun all the year 'round"

Fitness brings the will for happiness—you find yourself managing unwelcome duties instead of avoiding them. Good-nature replaces nervous irritation. You feel strong, confident, and sociable.

Fitness is the key to success and popularity, and FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE — the great nerve tonic — is a wonderful key to fitness.

It is enjoyed to-day by thousands throughout Australia by simply taking four drops of FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE in a goblet of hot or cold water every morning. The cost is nominal—a few pence per week.

It overcomes nervous fatigue, supplies substances required for the normal condition of the nervous system, and builds fitness by helping nature to restore wastage and relieve strain.

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE can be taken by sufferers from high or low blood pressure.

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

None genuine without this signature.

Fisher & Co.

Homoeopathic and Dispensing Chemists — 554 George Street, SYDNEY.

My Line Must Be Out of Order!



WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

NAME

ADDRESS

This Coupon may bring you

£200 CASH PRIZE

...for giving this picture the best title and EVERY entrant to this Competition gets a beautiful coloured presentation copy FREE!

CREAM OF TARTAR

—the original rising-ingredient and first choice of every good cook—invites you to enter this easy, money-making contest. You can use as many words as you like in your title. These examples (which mustn't be used) will give you the idea: "Mother's Little Helpers," "Hot Scones!", "Three's Company."

SIMPLY GIVE THIS PICTURE A TITLE

Even the Kiddies can enter!

Here are the Complete Rules.

1. Give this picture a good title; one which best describes the scene in a few simple words—such as "Mother's Little Helpers." Write the title clearly on the coupon above. Print legibly your name and address on the coupon.
2. Send in as many entries as you wish, provided you attach to each entry a cutting containing the words "Cream of Tartar" from any packet or can of Self-Raising Flour or Baking Powder. In the case of entries from Queensland or Western Australia, it is unnecessary, however, to attach any cutting because of the Queensland and Western Australian Coupon and Trading Stamp Acts, and entries may be sent in on a plain sheet of paper.
3. The contest will be open for two months from June 13 to August 12, 1949, and the list of prizes is as follows:—

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| 1st PRIZE | £200 CASH |
| 2nd PRIZE | £50 CASH |
| 3rd PRIZE | £25 CASH |
| 25 PRIZES EACH | £5 CASH |

Every competitor will be sent a handsome reproduction, in full colour, of the competition picture, suitable for mounting and framing.

4. Mail your entry to Cream of Tartar, Box 4119,



t.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Entries must be received into Box 4119, G.P.O., SYDNEY, before 5 p.m. on August 12, 1949.

5. Decision of the judges, to be appointed by Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., will be final on all matters and no correspondence will be entertained regarding such decisions. Entries become the property of the Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

6. Anyone is eligible to compete except employees of the Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., its Advertising Agency, and their families, but no invitation to compete is made to persons reading this advertisement in South Australia, since prohibitive State Legislation prevents this competition from extending to that State.

7. The prize winners will be announced in this and other publications shortly after the contest closes. Notification will be sent by mail to all prize winners.

8. The sample title is simply for your guidance. Please do not use it as your entry.

For Better Bakes and Puddings and Cakes use only
SELF-RAISING FLOUR or BAKING POWDER

CONTAINING

CREAM OF TARTAR

THIS COMPETITION DOES NOT EXTEND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA because of prohibitive State Legislation

Cedric Dared

Continued from page 9

THE letter ended: "Meanwhile, I am resolved to devote every moment I can spare from my studies to such civilian support as I can render. I have resigned from the chess team."

There was no reply from Mr. Bristol.

Some time later Mrs. Bristol wrote: "We are all so disturbed, dear boy, to learn that Nancy has enlisted in the Air Force. She is eligible for W.A.A.F. officers' training and leaves in two weeks. Your stepfather is particularly saddened at the prospect of the separation, though he stoutly maintains his pride in his little girl's patriotism."

Nancy, Cedric thought, had unerringly selected that branch of the service signally suited to her temperament.

It was only a few days later that the President of the United States sent greetings to Cedric. Following instructions with characteristic punctiliousness, he was totally unprepared for the outcome. An army medicos callously laughed at his glasses, and Cedric, to his utter dismay, found himself a private in the Army of the United States.

It is the privilege of the storyteller to drop the curtain over those periods in the life of a character which are too poignant to bear description. To recount Cedric's torments would place too harrowing a burden upon the reader.

The curtain may be lifted, however, in a series of dramatic pictures. In each case the scene reveals Cedric reading a letter.

In the first scene we find him seated miserably on a log in the State of Tennessee.

"Nancy has been home on leave. She has received her commission and looks quite stunning in her uniform. We were very gay during her visit, and the house was filled with young men of every rank and branch of the service. How I wished you could have been here! It is very quiet now that she has returned to duty."

Our next scene shows Cedric lying in his bunk in a barrack somewhere in England.

"Nancy has written us that she is engaged to be married. We are in a turmoil as, of course, we know nothing of the young man's background or antecedents. He is a captain in the Marine Medical Corps."

On a troop train headed south:

"Nancy writes us she is engaged to a navy pilot whom she met on leave in San Francisco. We are very much surprised, after the turbulent ending to her engagement to the marine officer."

In the ruins of a town in France: "Your stepfather and I both hope you are getting plenty of good nourishing food. We are assured that our fighting men are well provisioned."

"Nancy has broken her engagement to the navy pilot. Her letters make frequent mention of a young lieutenant who is, I believe, a navigator in the Army Air Force."

In a foxhole, just inside Germany:

"Nancy is again in love. This one is a major, which sounds very impressive, but majors these days seem to be much younger than the ones I remember from the last war."

"Dearest, I hope you have a stout pair of goloshes and do not forget to wear them. We read in the papers that the weather conditions in the European theatre have been unfortunate. I hope you will not catch cold."

In a hospital in Paris:

"We are all so relieved that you are progressing rapidly. Surely the doctors will be certain that you are quite well and strong again before you leave the hospital. By that time this conflict may be ended."

"Nancy has dismissed the major, whom she describes unflatteringly. She is now very much interested in a naval officer in the submarine service, who has any number of medals."

Germany again:

"We were distressed to learn of your decision to remain with the Army of Occupation. I have always felt, confident as I was that you would do your duty with the utmost bravery, that a military life would be uncongenial to you, and your splendid record all the more ad-

mirable, being made under conditions not suited to your temperament.

"To be commissioned in the field as you were is an unusual honor, your stepfather tells me, but I had hoped you would soon return to take up your studies."

This letter also mentioned Nancy's activities:

"Nancy has received her discharge and is home again. She is receiving very marked attention from a young Air Force pilot who was rescued from a raft in the middle of the Pacific Ocean after his plane had been shot down. In spite of it all he is gay and high-spirited, and will enter college this year. I hope we will find you as little changed when you return to us."

The interlude ends, the curtain rises on the last act.

"Darling, darling boy," cried Mrs. Bristol.

"Welcome home, my boy," said Mr. Bristol in a voice suspiciously husky.

"Cedric, you've changed," his mother cried tearfully.

"That's just because I've left my glasses off," Cedric replied.

"For the first time in my life," Nancy said, "I believe in miracles." Cedric grinned. "The years have been kind to you, too, little one," he remarked.

"Good of you to mention it."

"No trouble at all." He waved it aside. "By the way, what is the current state of your affections?"

She smiled teasingly: "I keep busy."

"I'm sure you do. But isn't there one for whom the pulse beats faster?"

"Any number of them. Why this sudden interest, dear Cedric?"

"Academic. Purely."

"And what are your plans, Cedric?" asked Mr. Bristol. "Back to the University?"

"Afraid not, sir. As a matter of fact, I've got a job. My colonel asked me to look him up. He's quite a man in civilian life. He seemed to feel that I got along pretty well with the men and he's made me a rather nice proposition."

"But, dearest," his mother broke in, "your doctorate—"

"Sorry, mother," said Cedric. "I'd be bored to death."

"But, Cedric," said Nancy, "I can't bear it. What will the chess team do without you?"

"Bit rugged for them, isn't it?"

"And what will you do with your spare time? Nights, I mean, when you come home after working with all those nasty, rough men?"

"There is where you come in."

"Why, Cedric, have you forgotten so soon—"

"Modesty," he explained gravely, "is a virtue. Don't jump to conclusions. What happened to that cute redhead you used to know? She might appreciate meeting me."

"And she might not," snapped Nancy. "Jean has lots of dates with tons of men."

"We will change all that," said Cedric. "I like my women to concentrate on me."

Unexpectedly one night, they met before the living-room fire.

"Not off to the races to-night, Cedric?" Nancy inquired.

"Not to-night."

"Jean got another date?"

"I doubt it very much."

"Then why—"

"My dear girl, surely I don't have to instruct you in technique. You must have observed it from the recipient's angle."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about our mutual friend Jean. She has, I am afraid, become a little too sure of herself—and of me. An evening of waiting beside a telephone that does not ring will have a chastening effect."

"Why, you—"

"Haven't you ever waited breathlessly for the call that doesn't come?"

"You insufferable, conceited—"

"Cad. That's what makes me so irresistible. By the way, what are you doing under the family roof to-night?"

"Can't I stay home if I want to?"

Please turn to page 33

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 30, 1949

Camilatone

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

For Lovelier Hair
Individually Yours

SHAMPOO

First step in your individual colour. Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged. Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

RINSE

with the Tintura hair-colour given supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tintura brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tintura in your individual shade also available.

SET

with Lustrant — day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrant leaves a silken sheen, makes brilliantine unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment For Lovelier Hair
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING



in 30 minutes
restores your
hair to
its natural
shade.

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Consult your Hairdresser or Chemist

CHEMIST HEAN'S

Prescription for making

HEENZO

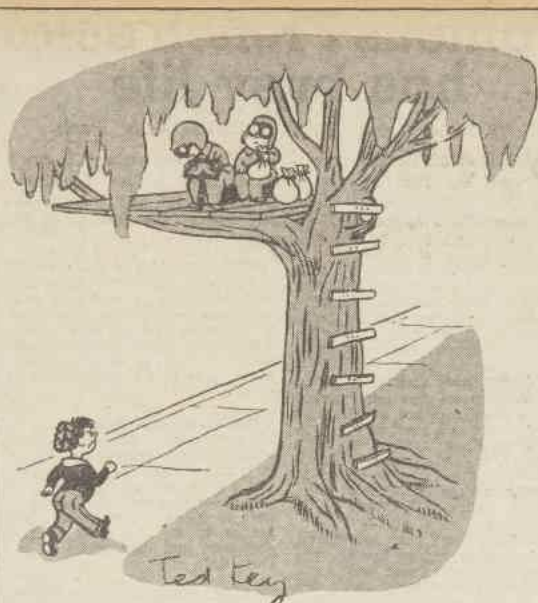
Cough and Cold Mixture

MAKE a syrup of 4 tablespoonfuls of Sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of Treacle or Honey, 1 tablespoonful of Table Vinegar, 1 large breakfast cup of warm water. Stir till dissolved. When cold pour into a large, clean empty bottle, add one bottle of HEENZO concentrated, cork, shake well, and attach the large label with directions enclosed with each bottle of HEENZO. It is now ready for taking. HEENZO is soothing, warming, comforting, removes the tickle, tickle that is so annoying.

HEENZO

Does You Good — Saves Your Money
BUY A BOTTLE NOW—TODAY
2/- at Chemists and Stores.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 30, 1949



"Pilot to bombardier. Three zero north at two thousand. Stinky Farnsworth."

Cedric Dared

Continued from page 32

BENIGNLY, Cedric smiled. "Of course. Of course," he said soothingly. "If you really want to. It only occurred to me that your abnormal interest in my comings and goings must stem from—well, boredom perhaps?"

"I could have had a date to-night," Nancy said icily.

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, I could have. I just thought, well—I'm rather sorry now, I didn't go out with Davie. It is a little dull doing nothing."

"To a person without inner resources it could be."

She glanced casually at the clock. "It's still pretty early."

"So it is. May I make a suggestion?"

"Yes?" Expectantly.

"A good night's sleep. Your color's bad and you really need it. You'll feel great to-morrow."

Nancy's eyes narrowed. "Is that the best you can do?"

"I could add that, if you're troubled with insomnia, you might try reading a good book."

"Cedric Michael, you're the—"

"Another time," said Cedric. "I shall be glad to bear your opinion of me. But now, I think I just have time to catch the main picture at the Strand."

At the door he turned, grinning. "I couldn't bear," he said, "to have anyone think you were very, very hard up. But it was a nice try. And he dodged the book that sailed through the doorway."

After breakfast later in the same week:

"But you must have the wrong number," said Nancy into the telephone. "There's no one here named Mike."

Cedric stepped out of the living-room. "That's for me, darling."

"But Mike—nobody calls you Mike!"

"Those who love me," said Cedric, "do."

"I beg your pardon, Cedric," said Nancy, venomously.

Next day, Nancy asked, "Slipping, Cedric? I saw Jean out with Bert Harrison last night."

"Splendid. I was afraid she might be pining for me."

"Ha!"

"Women have pined for me, my pet. As a matter of fact, Jean and I have come to a parting of the ways. There's a beautiful blonde I met last week—"

"Spare me," said Nancy, "your odious boasting."

"I never boast," said Cedric. "Can I help it if women adore me?"

"Oh, shut up."

"Your retortations," he observed, "lack variety."

"I'm worried about Nancy," said Mrs. Bristol.

"Are you?" asked Cedric. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"She hasn't been going out lately."

Not for several weeks. It's not like her."

"It certainly isn't."

"And I know there are several young men . . . I worried when she had so many engagements and now I find myself worrying when she hasn't. She seems so unhappy."

"Does she indeed?" said Cedric seriously. "We can't have that."

"Oh, Cedric, sometimes I wish—of course we don't want to lose dear Nancy—but don't you think she might be happier if she were married and settled down?"

"Your suggestion has merit, dear Mother."

"But she never seems to be able to make up her mind. If only she could meet the right young man."

"She has," said Cedric. "I think it's time she was told about it."

He found Nancy in the sitting-room, perched on the couch, staring at the ceiling.

"Hello, sunshine," he said.

"Why don't you go away?" she said drearily.

He settled himself in an easy chair.

"Nancy," he said, "although I may not have shown it I have always been fond of you."

A snort from the couch.

"You were an odious child, but I am happy to say that as the years have passed you have improved."

Another snort from the couch.

"And now it pains me to note that you do not appear to be in the best of spirits."

No comment.

"And so I have decided to do something about it."

"How exciting!"

"I can almost guarantee that it will be."

"And just what do you intend to do?"

"Nancy, my love," said Cedric, "you have never been noted for your brains, but you have a certain native intelligence. Haven't you the faintest idea what I intend to do?"

"And what makes you think," said Nancy, in a dangerous tone, "that anything you could possibly do would have any effect on me?"

"Darling," he said, "why fight it? We've tried, but it had us licked right from the beginning. Both of us."

She stared at him unbelievably.

"Hasn't it, darling?" His voice wasn't quite steady. "I think I could convince you of it."

Her eyes danced. "I dare you to try."

Cedric dared.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and A short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Good news for sufferers from IRREGULARITY



Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural
Laxative... Health Food... Blood Tonic
No medicines needed

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. To-day's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination . . . no medicines needed.

Health Food

Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source

of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Nicotin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Sold at all grocers.



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN[®]
★ Registered Trade Mark

"I'm Fussy....
that's why I prefer

MUM

(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)

Safe for Skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless.

Safe for Charm.

Mum stops underarm odor and gives sure protection all day or all evening.

Safe for Clothes.

No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, too, Mum does not dry out in the jar and is easy to use, even after you're dressed.



M124

STRING-BAG BLUES?
LOST ALL YOUR FIGHT?

Brisk LIPTON TEA
WILL PUT YOU RIGHT!



says "Cuppa Brisk—
YOU'LL NOTICE THE
DIFFERENCE WHEN
YOU TASTE

Brisk LIPTON'S

BRISK is the tea-taster's own word
to describe the fresh, lively, full-
bodied flavour of Lipton tea—
a flavour that is the direct
result of Lipton's 70 years'
experience of growing and blending
fine-quality teas.



BRISK FLAVOUR—NEVER FLAT!

L113.82 W.V.

Famous French actor has busy life

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in Paris

OSCAR winner Pierre Fresnay, whose "Monsieur Vincent" is now a world box-office draw, is playing an editor in "Just Published," and then going along at night to play in his own theatre, the "Theatre de la Michodiere," opposite one of the darlings of the Paris stage, his wife Yvonne Printemps.

WHILE Paris is filling up with tourists, it is rapidly emptying of French stars. Jean-Louis Barrault, of "Les Enfants Du Paradis" fame, is playing in Marseilles before returning to his own theatre in Paris.

GLAMOR stars Viviane Romance, whose name was lately linked with a Russian prince, and Marlene Dietrich, who was a guest at the Hayworth-Ali Khan wedding, are both down on the Cote d'Azur getting a suntan. Josette Day, the beauty of "Beauty and the Beast," is in Switzerland, filming with Cornel Wilde.

CECILE AUBRY, cute, baby-faced, is in North Africa filming "The Black Rose" with Orson Welles and Ty Power. Anouk Aime, a lovely new find who is a sensation in a new French film, "The Lovers of Verona," is in Tunis making "The Golden Salamander" with Trevor Howard for British films.

BLONDE, attractive Blanchette Brunoy, co-star with Pierre Fresnay in "Just Published," can be seen any day on the set carving figurines out of candles. Her home is crowded with dozens of tiny wax models, most of them done between scenes at the studio and about the size of chessmen. They are perfectly executed.

FALSE alarm—the parting of Jean Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez is not a parting after all. They have made it up. Jean Pierre, whose latest French film in which he co-stars with wife Maria, "Hans the Sailor," and which recently opened in Paris, has now vanished into the country—to write a play.

EDWIGE FEUILLERE, France's First Lady of the Screen, has flown to England to consider three play offers and two film offers. Then she comes back to star in a film based on a Turgenev novel called "Spring Waters."

JEAN MARAIS, idol of the French screen, lives a determined bachelor existence with his collie dog—in a houseboat on the Seine. It is superbly equipped with lounges, library, telephones, all-electric kitchen. To make it all work he just has to plug into a power point on shore.

SIMONE SIMON has decided to make another film, in which she will be the only professional actress. It is called "Somewhere in Italy," and she is leaving Paris soon on location—somewhere in Italy. "I have to speak Greek, English, and French in it," she said, packing grammars and dictionaries in her Paris flat.

CHARLES BOYER is back in Paris for the first time in twelve years. He is staying at the Crillon, and spending hours on the balcony of his top-floor suite there, gazing over the traffic of the Place de la Concorde and the Tuilleries Gardens beyond. Charles is thinner on top, but bronzed, healthy, and happy to be back. He may star in "Dirty Hands" in a Paris studio before returning to Hollywood.

BEARDED veteran of French films, Michel Simon, who will be seen in Australia in "Parique," has flown to Rome with a new French juvenile find, Gerard Philippe, to make "The Beauty and the Devil," adapted from Goethe's "Faust." The film will be the ninety-third which Michel has made.

FAMOUS star Michèle Morgan gets more than £12,000 in France for making a film which averages about three months' working time. So does Jean Marais, the blond, handsome idol of French films, known best to the outside world for his starring role in Cocteau's "Beauty and the Beast." Edwige Feuillere gets nearly as much.



MAURICE CHEVALIER, debonair as ever, as he appears in his latest and last French film, "Le Roi," a period comedy. Chevalier says he intends to retire soon to the Riviera to write his memoirs.

ONCE upon a time French films were produced on the proverbial "shoe string." But what they lacked in financial backing they more than made up in talent and inspiration.

Nowadays it is costing more to make films in France, though many grand pictures are being produced for less than half the cost of the average British or Hollywood picture.

EDANA ROMNEY, the self-made star from South Africa, who produced her own film, "Corridor of Mirrors," in both French and English in a Paris studio, plans to repeat the mixture with a film of the life of the great French actress Rachel.

ONE of the most striking films just released in Paris is "La Maternelle," with a cast almost completely composed of children.

It is a tale of a school in a poor quarter of Paris; the superb naturalness of the child players tells a tale of incredible patience in the making of the film.

It makes any
type of mattress
far more comfy



Made in England

Note this drawing of the Vono Spring base. Supporting cross bars take care of the heavy part of the body, but are not used under the head or feet, where little weight has to be supported. A feeling of resting on air results. Any mattress can be used on a Vono Spring base but greatest comfort comes with a Vono Inter Spring mattress made in England.

Buy the bed fitted with the
VONO SPRING BASE

There is a Vono Spring Base for all standard size beds

Sole Australian Agents: Bunge (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 30, 1949

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Radio comic LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN and uses trick gadgets in his reversible suit to help his crime-busting campaign. He takes JUNE FARRELL, his publicity manager, out in his jet-jalopy, and they disturb thieves, who flee when their lookout, HAROLD SQUARE, gives alarm too late. The jet-jalopy shoots a stream of oil ahead of the thieves' car, which crashes.

As I Read
The
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A very favorable week for pleasure, romance, entertainment, and speculation. Your children's affairs should prosper and many unexpected happenings could occur from July 27, while July 29, 31, and August 1 promise advancement and happiness.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): This is your week to make desired changes in home or property matters. New ideas or sudden events could turn up on July 27. The rest of the week is good with July 29 and July 31 most important days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): July 27 should stimulate your mind to fresh fields of endeavor. Changes, travel, new contacts or creative inspiration may help to make the week an interesting one. Choose July 29 and August 1 for business and finance.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): New zest and enthusiasm help to improve your financial affairs this week, the best days being July 29, 31, and August 1. Nervous systems may be at high tension on July 27, so go carefully this day.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week brings you many personal opportunities. Your ability for self expression, poise, and initiative should be at their best. Grasp all opportunities on July 27 and July 31. July 29 and August 1 are particularly good for financial affairs.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Push ahead now with affairs already undertaken. Take advantage of your lucky aspects from July 27. Work with self-assurance and by August 1 much headway should have been made.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Some new and interesting contacts could eventuate this week, with more activity in your social life. Career or business projects also move swiftly from July 27. July 29, 31 and July 31 should be some of your brightest days.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You have luck with you this week, helping you to achieve recognition in your social or business world. July 27 should start things moving with correspondence, interviews, or news from afar. July 29, July 31 and August 1 could be most interesting days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): You seem busy this week with plans for the future, embracing either changes, travel, or some new intellectual interest. July 27 and July 31 are very active days, so are July 29 and August 1, which should help you to solidify some of your business interests.

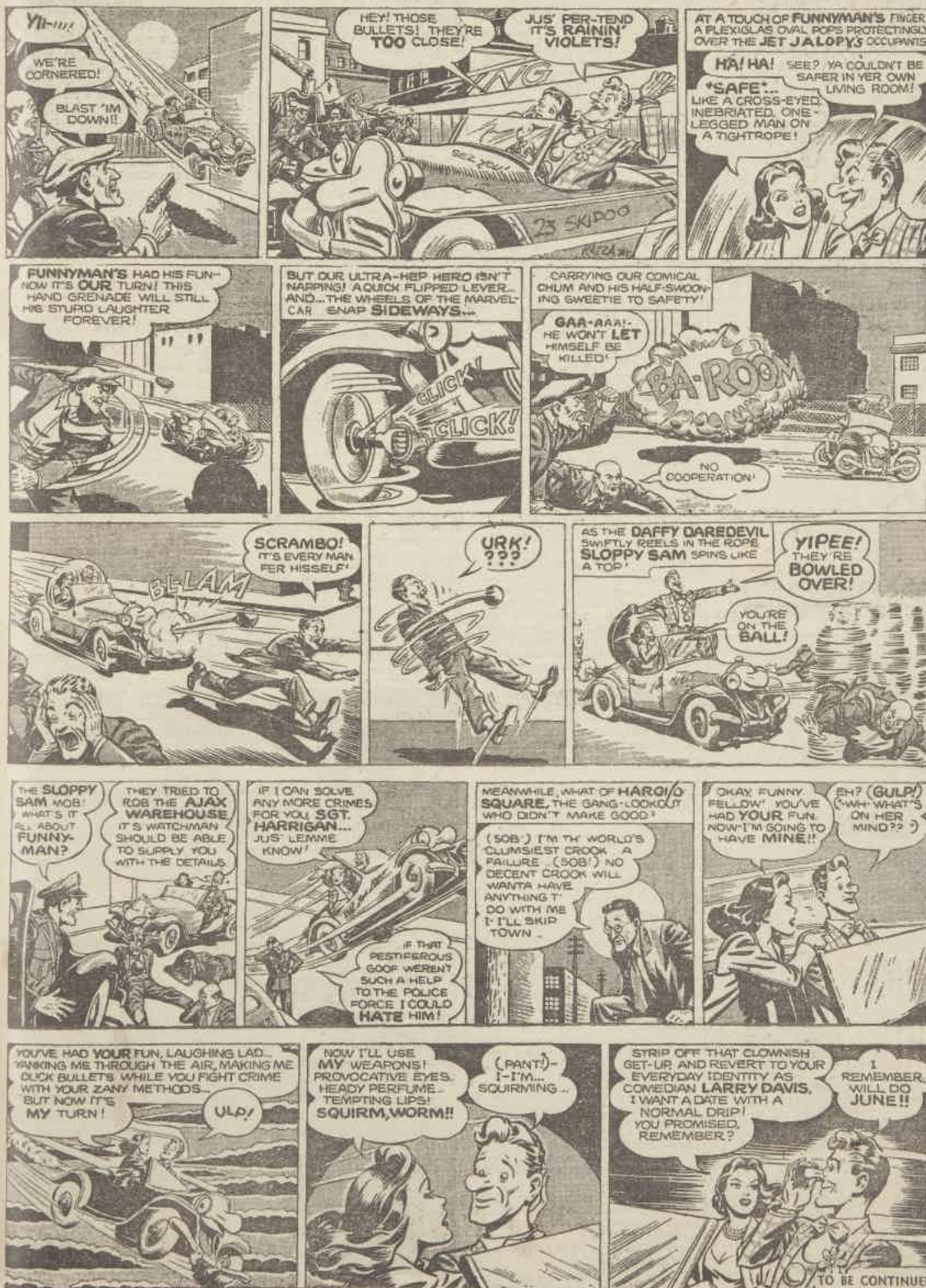
CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Opportunities should present themselves this week to improve your material welfare. A partner or friend could assist your plans. Inheritance gifts or mutual benefits could come your way. Watch July 27, 29, July 31 and August 1 for benefits.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Very strong and good aspects rule all matters to do with partners, associates, marriage, or contracts this week. July 27 and July 31 could be momentous days. Some improvement in work and finance is also indicated.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): You should achieve good results in your work this week, such as more profit, an increase in salary, or perhaps a new job. Affairs should begin moving briskly from July 27 and keep active right through to August 1. Expect the unexpected this week!

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Chatterbox Street, Sydney.



The Australian Women's Weekly - July 30, 1940

Page 35



10 stories to thrill and delight you every month in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.





**Gemey—gay beauty aids
of captivating fragrance**

Now you can be sure of securing your requirements of distinguished Gemey preparations . . . sufficient of the matchless Gemey ingredients have become available to Richard Hudnut to maintain adequate stocks at your favourite supplier.



Gemey

Superlative Cosmetics
of Rare Fragrance
Face Powder, Perfume,
Fragrant Cream,
Rouge, Talcum,
Cucumber Cleansing Lotion,
Bath-foam.

CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

G5 82.41



**"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!**

Yes, even finest soaps and soap
shampoos hide the natural lustre
of your hair with dulling soap film.

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate



3/-

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★★★ The Winslow Boy

TRANSITION from the stage to the screen gives Terence Rattigan's well-known play a broader background and added appeal.

"The Winslow Boy" emerges as a grand film. Intelligently written, directed, and acted, it is British to the core, but deserves international acclaim.

Its determination to hammer home the belief that "right will be done" centres more on the fight for justice to a small boy rather than the incident which caused the long struggle. Based as it is on a true incident—that of the Archer-Shee case—the whole film has an authenticity which lifts it right out of the usual run of fictional stories.

The cast cannot be faulted. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, whose talents have been wasted so often in Hollywood films, comes right into his own as Arthur Winslow. Middle-aged, rheumatic business man, master in his 1912 home, unemotional on the surface but stirred by the burning desire to prove that his naval cadet son should be freed of the charge of the theft of a five-shilling postal note, Winslow refuses to be deviated from his fight against red tape and high-handed naval officialdom.

The cost to Winslow and his family goes far beyond mere finance, but the final victory is the triumph of his belief.

Robert Donat does not appear until the film is half over, but as the moody, brilliant, cynical lawyer Sir Robert Morton, who undertakes the defence of young Winslow first in the House of Commons and then in the civil court, he is startlingly effective.

The three main feminine roles are widely different, but how beautifully they all are handled!

Marie Lohr is Mrs. Winslow—the matron who sees her previously peaceful home shattered by forces she cannot understand, and who finally is driven to outspoken resentment of her husband's behaviour.

Margaret Leighton, blonde and slender, graces the role of Catherine Winslow with dignity and charm. Suffragette and imbued with the same indomitable spirit as her father, not even the loss of her fiancé can shatter Catherine's determination to support her father's struggle.

Then there is Kathleen Harrison as Violet, devoted Cockney maid in the Winslow home. Her breathless scene of breaking the final good news to Winslow and Catherine is one of the best pieces of sustained acting we have seen for a long time.

The boy Ronnie Winslow is extremely well played by Neil North. His first scene with Robert Donat is worthy of a veteran's skill.

Anthony Asquith's direction and Anatole de Gruenwald's production are perfect.

The London Films release is at the Esquire.

★★★★ The Return of October

WITH ingenious whimsicality the theory of reincarnation is given an outing in Columbia's technicolor romance, "The Return of October."

The starring roles are played by Glenn Ford and a wide-eyed teenager called Terry Moore—a Deanna Durbin type, without the voice.

Because a homespun horse trainer had expressed the wish to return to earth as a racehorse, his niece later sees a strong resemblance between him and a black colt called October, which is regarded by experts as having no future because of faulty breathing.

She buys the colt and enters him for the Derby. Mixed up with this youthful enterprise are her greedy relations, who want to have her declared insane and deprive her of a rich inheritance.

To her rescue comes a young doctor of philosophy who has written a treatise on her psychological reactions and belief that October is "Uncle Willie."

The best humor of the film comes during the running of the race, when spectators from trainers to broadcasters start urging "Uncle Willie" on to victory.

The brief appearances of James Gleason as the human Uncle Willie and the late Dame May Whitty as Terry's wealthy aunt stand out.

Glenn Ford, in slightly less glum mood than usual, makes a good foil to Terry Moore.

The film is at the State.

★★★ The Streets of Laredo

UNTIL one of its three bandit characters turned into a really bad tough guy, I had the impression that "The Streets of Laredo" was a comedy period Western dressed up in technicolor.

In high good humor the film starts off with three train robbers sharing their ill-gotten gains.

The three men are Jim (William Holden), Lorn (Macdonald Carey), and Wahoo (William Bendix).

Forced to act as rescuers and guardians of pretty girl Rannette Carter (Mona Freeman), the boys finally split up when Lorn double-crosses his pals and disappears with their money.

At this stage there is a somewhat confused time lapse, but we then find that Jim and Wahoo have joined the Texas Rangers with the discreditable notion that as policemen they will eventually come across their former pal, regain their money, and become bandits again.

Lorn already has become the menace of half a dozen States.

From there on the film takes the usual Western cops and robbers routine. Needless to say, there is little scope for intense acting, but there is a huge background of superb scenery.

The film is at the Prince Edward.

★★★ Every Girl Should be Married

THE sheer persistence of a personable young woman who is determined to marry a handsome doctor makes good film entertainment—even if it would be hardly so successful in real life.

The introduction of Betsy Drake

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

to Hollywood films by Cary Grant and his obvious shadowing of his own starring role to give her the limelight are interesting points in R.K.O.'s comedy.

Betsy Drake has a natural expression and a particularly charming smile.

Her oddly pitched voice makes it difficult at times to follow the dialogue, but few girls have made a more impressive film debut.

Anabel Sim is a country girl who comes to town with an ambition to get a husband.

Her choice falls on Dr. Madison Brown (Cary Grant).

A self-acknowledged wolf (Francis "Tone" and a sympathetic girlfriend (Diana Lynn) do their best to help Anabel, to whom the word fessie is unknown.

The dialogue is not very sparkling and some of the situations are dragged out, but the refreshing Betsy and the benign Gary (who makes no effort to act) hold it all together.

For the teenager and the not too cynical adult the film at the Regent has plenty to offer.

★★★ The Window

RK.O.'s release "The Window," an unpretentious film with no high starring cast list, certainly is gripping.

Briefly, the story is that of an over-imaginative small boy (Bobby Driscoll), whose frequent tall stories keep him in trouble.

When he really does see a murder his parents refuse to believe him, but the killers discover what he knows and try to prevent him spreading his story.

There is a roof-top chase and a sequence in a deserted, ruined warehouse which would bring prickles on to any neck.

Young Driscoll seems to have no trouble in presenting a constant appearance of pop-eyed terror—no mean feat, and understandable in the circumstances.

The film is at the Regent.



JUNE HAVOC has two listeners to her telephone conversation—a very bored French poodle and a Persian kitten. The Hollywood star and her husband, William Spier, a radio producer, are fond of household pets, and own several more dogs and cats as well as large number of birds.

Seven film stars



DIANA LYNN and her co-star, Guy Madison, on location for the Golden production, "Texas, Heaven, and Brooklyn" (United Artists release). Diana recently refused an offer to star in a film in Italy, because she did not want to be separated from her husband, Henry Wilson.

⑤

ANN BLYTH, one of Universal International's busiest young stars, has appeared in several recent dramas. Her next film to be released in Australia will be the fantasy comedy, "Mr. Peabody's Mermaid," with William Powell.

⑥



MICHAEL DENNISON and his actress wife Dulcie Gray pose at their English home after their return from co-starring in a film made in Italy, "The Glass Mountain" (J. A. Rank release). The Dennisons were married in 1939 while Michael was acting in a stage production.



JEANNE CAGNEY, sister of film star Jimmy Cagney and producer William Cagney, has her best film role in their current film, "Time of Your Life" (released by United Artists). Most of Jeanne's career has been devoted to stage work. Her next film role will be opposite Mickey Rooney in "Quicksand," which he is producing.

BARBARA BEL GEDDES, daughter of the well-known theatre decorator, Norman Bel Geddes, began her career on the stage. Offered a film contract by R.K.O., she completed three films, the last being the currently showing "Blood on the Moon," starring Robert Mitchum. Wife of engineer Carl Schreuer, she has a daughter, Susan.





*PAT. PEND. The new semi-sports shirt with the **NEATLINE** collar, washable and shrinkproof. Collar sizes, 14½ to 17. Fully guaranteed.

It's the collar that makes the shirt.

COUNTRY CLUB SHIRTS ARE STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

Don't let these eyes,



become these . . .



Take care of your precious eyes in every possible way—by professional advice, and glasses if need be, and by the ready use of Optrex in regular eye hygiene and for all minor eye troubles, such as styes, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammations, colds in the eye—and just plain tiredness.

Optrex the EYE LOTION

FOOD AND HEALTH

Nothing much wrong...but...

"There's a wide gap between the minimum diet, which just prevents deficiency symptoms, and the optimum to promote good health."

If your diet falls within the gap between that causing frank illness and that which brings perfect health, you may have "nothing much wrong with you" that you can talk about to your doctor—but still not be well. Vague stomach trouble, indefinable aches and pains, headaches, tiredness—all the symptoms we sum up as "not quite 100%."—a diet deficient in vitamins may well be the cause of just these symptoms. Modern processed foods and the feeding habits of civilized man both tend to dictate such a diet.

The vitamins, proteins and minerals in Bemax are in such balance as to supplement the vitamin-deficient diet of today and bring your health up to 100%.

BEMAX

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
24-40, CHALMERS STREET, SYDNEY.



1 INTERVIEW between Emily Hefferen (Celeste Holm) and lawyer in 1910 reveals that Emily wishes to apply for a divorce from her husband, Jim, on grounds of non-support for many years.

2 BACKGROUND of Hefferens' domestic differences began years before when Jim (Dan Dailey) objected to Emily's decision to take in boarders to help budget.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY



A WARM-HEARTED screen version of Rosemary Taylor's popular novel of boarding-house life early in the 1900's has been made by Twentieth Century-Fox.

The starring role of Jim Hefferen gives singer-dancer Dan Dailey a new type of performance, as an irresponsible family man liked by everyone, but incapable of making a financial success of his many ventures.

Celeste Holm plays his wife, and the supporting cast includes Coleen Townsend, Alan Young, and teen-ager Natalie Wood.

3 UNSUCCESSFUL in a series of business operations, Jim is incurably optimistic, but Emily takes some more lodgers.



4 BASHFUL boarder Geoffrey Lawson (Alan Young) takes dancing lessons from Emily to impress her daughter.



5 RAISING MONEY to finance mine he believes to contain copper, Jim secretly mortgages their home once again after Emily has managed to pay off the earlier mortgage by careful saving.



6 REUNION between Emily and Jim comes after friends helped to pay off mortgage when mine proved fiasco. They agree to continue with the boarding house.

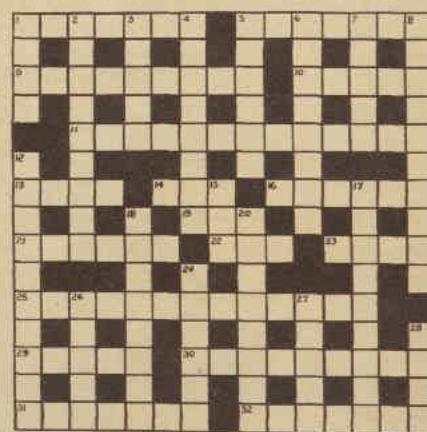
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 52

ACROSS

- Treats badly but thinks deeply and is made content. (7.)
- Our skin is really frightful (maybe our nerve is, too!) (7.)
- Taken in to see the inside material layer for making jeans. (9.)
- The hide of the kidlet (5.)
- What's unimportant in your name to write if I'm unable to? (13.)
- When under the hammer you may be expected to pay cash on it. (4.)
22. The answer is very much in the affirmative. (13.)
- buddy! (A y.e. master, riddle). (2, 6.)
- The youngster who pinches things. (6.)
- Attended to. (6.)
- Got up to get a dress for Caesar. (4.)
- Honest description of a blonde: she is broad as she's long? (4, 3, 6.)
- The only way to build in Crete. (5.)
- Make-believe king found this post tough when in opposition. (8.)
- The sons (anag.). (7.)
- It not affected over the brown mountains of Russia. (7.)

DOWN

- Unity in the human race is our principal goal. (4.)
- If scarce I can make an offering to the gods. (9.)
- Tell the fellow to aim at dividing the fruit balance his countrymen produce. (5.)
- The disease of rushing left you get in a groove. (8.)
- A meal for a Scot—though a horse must have his outside. (6.)
- To make dejected ripe I had to make both tumble before it finishes. (12.)
- Girl of the Golden West got in the tangle of a rope. (8.)
- This kind of loud voice starts when climbing up a rocky hilltop with John in Scotland. (10.)
- Where thorns provoke constant irritation in person. (2, 3, 5.)
- Title makes us cross just the same. (2.)
- Fodder found out by experience to turn color. (9.)
- Witty reply concerning the golfer's standard mound. (8.)
- Oddly, she's a game man. (1, 5.)
- Appropriate in advertisements for suits. (4.)
- Internalized. (5.)
- Ward off to assert in the beginning. (5.)
- By word of mouth. (4.)



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 48

ACROSS: 1—Fast-or. 4—Theved (anag.). 8—Run into. 10—And-iron. 11—De-ft. 12—Shy. 13—Angora (hidden). 16—Stoc-kings (cats turned). 18—Frank (a/nah/k). 20—Bat. 21—M-das (Im and sad turned). 22—Ado-ration. 24—C-hairs. 26—Tink (hidden). 27—Emit (time turned). 30—Octopus. 31—En-queue. 32—En-core/d. 33—Debris (sir bed turned).

DOWN: 1—Parades (anag.). 2—Bang-tro-id. 3—Owus. 4—To-ad. 5—Ind/ons/lan. 6—Vingo. 7—Den-mark. 8—Cochin-eal (Lae turned). 14—Skyscraper (hidden). 15—Astounded. 17—Gad. 19—As-i-a M-in-or (hidden). 21—Mio/rob/e. 23—Natters (anag.). 25—Atlic. 26—Used. 29—Sole.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 48.—£10 to F. Langford, 4 Gellibrand Street, Kew E4, Vic. £5 to Mr. S. J. Sutton, 1 Beaumont Street, Rose Bay, N.S.W. £3 to Mr. F. H. Patterson, 29 Queen Street, Mosman, N.S.W.



EFFECTS BY DERIC DEANE AND HALL
INTERIOR DECORATORS

Loveliness that costs so little! Loveliness that lasts so long . . . Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies"

are tailored in dull-finish rayon lock-nit, "Dream-glo" cotton interlock or shimmering swami. All

*of **BOND'S** lovely fabrics keep their smooth lines no matter how often you wash them.*

Confidence



Confidence

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Zoom into winter Fun! Race over the snowy slopes! Thrill to the keen air whipping your cheeks to vivid, healthy colour! Happy! Keen! Full of confidence! You can have every confidence in taking genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. for 'Flu, Colds, Sore Throat. VINCENT'S is prepared to the original hospital formula and is a proved and fully accepted medical prescription

TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE!

For 'FLU & COLDS, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Headaches, Neuralgia

Genuine

VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

POWDERS & TABLETS



SMART TO LOOK AT, cozy to wear, this twin-set will fit sizes 38 to 40. The sweater was knitted in soft blue, the cardigan in midnight-blue.

To knit

MATCHING Twosome

MATERIALS: Patons and Baldwins 3-ply (this is the only wool which should be used)—7oz. for the jumper; 10oz. for the cardigan; 1 pr. each No. 10 and No. 12 needles, 3 small buttons, 5 larger buttons, medium-sized crochet-hook, cotton-wool.

Measurements: 38-40in. bust. Jumper—length from top of shoulder, 22in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 51in. Cardigan—length from top of shoulder, 23in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 17in.

Tension: Eight sts. to 1in. in width.

JUMPER (Front)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 128 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.
Rep. this row for 45in. Change to No. 10 needles, and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K plain.
2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. these 2 rows once.

Cont. in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 146 sts. on the needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 14in. from commencement. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of the needle in the next and every alt. row until 108 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 6in.

Next Row: K 45, cast off 18, k 45. Dec. once at the neck edge in the next and every alt. row until 38 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until armhole measures 7in. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to last 30 sts., turn.

6th Row: Like 2nd row.

Cast off.

Join wool to remaining sts. and work to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until armhole measures 5in.

Next Row: K 54, turn, leaving remaining sts. on a stitch-holder.

Work in plain, smooth fabric on these 54 sts. until armhole measures same as front armhole. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to last 30 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to last 38 sts., turn.

8th Row: Like 2nd row.

Cast off.

Join wool to remaining sts. at centre back and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 94 sts.

1st Row: K plain.

2nd Row: K plain.

**** 3rd Row (wrong side):** K 1, *

(k 1, p 1, k 1) all into same st (this will now be termed 3 in 1 throughout), p 3 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 1, * p 3 tog., 3 in 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: P. ** Rep. from ** to ** 4 times.

Cont. in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of the needle in next and every following 6th row until there are 102 sts. on needle. Work 11 rows without shaping. Dec. once at each end of the needle in next and every alt. row until 68 sts. remain, then once at each end of the needle every row until 30 sts. remain.

Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

POCKET

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 34 sts. Work in patt. as given for bottom of sleeve, repeating the patt. 7 times.

Cast off.

NECKBAND

Backstitch shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, pick up 106 sts. evenly round neck, work in a rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Backstitch the side and sleeve seams. Backstitch the sleeves in, placing seam to seam. Sew on pocket as illustrated.

Using medium-sized crochet hook work 1 row d.c. round back opening, making 3 buttonholes on right-hand side. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops.

CARDIGAN (Left Front)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 8.

2nd Row: K 6, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. these 2 rows for 5in., ending on wrong side. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 8, p 1, 3 in 1, (p 3 tog., 3 in 1) twice, purl to end of row.

2nd Row: Knit plain to last 20 sts., p 11, k 9.

3rd Row: K 8, p 1, p 3 tog., (3 in 1, p 3 tog.) twice, purl to end of row.

4th Row: Knit plain to last 18 sts., p 9, k 9.

Continue in this manner, inc. once at the end of the needle in next and every following 8th row until there are 82 sts. on the needle. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 60, k 2 tog., patt. to end of row.

Cont. in patt., dec. once (the last 2 knit sts. before the blackberry pattern) in every following 6th row until work measures 14in. from commencement.

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. once at the end of the next and every alt. row 9 times while at the same time dec. as before on the front edge until 46 sts. remain. Work without shaping until armhole measures 8in., finishing at armhole edge. Shape for shoulder as follows:

Continued on page 48



A BEAUTIFUL FINISH

Generations of fine craftsmanship lie behind the finished beauty of good furniture. Such careful craftsmanship demands the same loving care and protection.

Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction, it is most economical and gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. For your car too... LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 2/3, 12 oz. 3/11.

Australian Distributors:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Sure of her health - sure of herself

Of course she is!



She's full of confidence because she can rely on boundless energy to see her through the day: energy that springs from radiant health—health that enables her always to look her best. No constipation, sick headaches for her. She prevents these everyday ills by taking Beecham's Pills whenever she needs a reliable and effective laxative.

Sold everywhere,
40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-.

She takes

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Suffering with a COLD

DON'T RELY ON HALF MEASURES TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES

Get after your chest cold with moist Beal—a time-proven, treatment endorsed by many doctors all over the world. Antiphlogistine Poultice gives you the benefits of moist heat—right in your own home. Just do these two simple things recommended by many doctors:

1. Put an Antiphlogistine Poultice on back and chest. Throat, too—if it's sore.
2. Go to bed. Antiphlogistine Poultice works all through the night. Helps you get a good night's sleep.

Antiphlogistine

The soothing warmth of Antiphlogistine Poultice relaxes tense or aching muscles, stimulates circulation, helps ease coughs due to colds.



Dress Sense by Betty Keep

SKIRTS, hemlines, and below-waist detail make fashion news in Paris in all types of costumes from simple daytime dresses to extravagantly designed cocktail garb.

Because of this skirt interest I have designed the frock illustrated for a reader who has asked for a spring dress style.

Dress for spring

"WILL you please design a wool dress suitable for early spring? I want it to be really smart, as it is a trousseau frock. I have the material—a lightweight wool in a deep shade of grey."

A one-piece dress with a side-wrapped skirt and slightly uneven hemline plus a simple smooth-shouldered bodice top would be as nice and as new as any design you could choose. I have had the style illustrated.

Veiled colors

"MY daughter is looking forward to her first formal dance, and I am making her an embroidered organdie frock. Would you suggest white or a color for the slip? The lass has a complexion inclined to sallowness."

Make the organdie frock over a pastel slip; an evening dress with one color veiling the other is smart for spring. Furthermore a pastel slip will show up the detail of the embroidered organdie far better than white, and will be more flattering to your daughter's pale complexion.

Golf in summer

"AS I play golf right through the summer, clothes are a problem. Have you any ideas which will help me to keep cool in our very hot climate and conform to golf clothing traditions?"

A separate blouse and skirt is my idea of a smart and comfortable outfit for golf. Prominent in new sportswear fashion is a classic sleeveless blouse which would be perfect for active sport in a hot climate. The skirt would be attractive and comfortable for action if you have it made with a deep inverted pleat back and front, the pleat open from about 2 inches below the waistline; finish it with a large patch pocket on each hip.

Navy shantung would be ideal for the skirt, and the blouse in white washing cotton.



GREY lightweight wool is the material for which this dress is styled, in line with spring fashions.

• Due to the absence on holiday of Betty Keep, her feature page, *Dress Sense*, will not appear after this issue until September 3. Betty Keep does not undertake to answer individually all letters received, but selects those of greatest interest. Forward questions on dress problems and she will answer them on her return.

Address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Chiffon returns

"YOU have helped me several times, and here I am writing again. I am thinking of having a chiffon dance frock made for spring, but I am in doubt if it is a correct material to wear at night."

Chiffon, after a long lapse, is new again, for spring—very new. In the evening chiffon is used for lovely fragile-looking dance dresses made with graceful skirts and bodice tops finished with filmy floating scarves. These dresses often have a slender under-skirt in a contrasting color and an over-skirt made with closely massed "handkerchief" points.

Another current fashion interpreted in chiffon is the skirt with floating panels. Colors most popular are smoke-grey, coral, peach, parma-violet, and taffy.

Navy jacket suit

"IN September I am going to Melbourne, and I will need a tailored suit for the trip. Will you recommend a fashionable spring color? I am 29 years of age, and my measurements are: Bust 35in., waist 26in., hips 37in. How do you think I should have the suit made?"

Have your suit made in navy-blue wool, the jacket straight-hanging in front and flared at the back, reaching to wrist length. This type of jacket can be worn unbelted, or belted with a narrow matching kid belt. Have the skirt slim with a kick pleat placed low at the back. Add white touches for that spring look—gloves and hat. Add yellow for that new look—a bag and perhaps a handkerchief spilling from a pocket of the jacket. Add plain navy kid court shoes, because they are the perfect shoe choice. Fancy shoes are out for spring.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"JANINE." Charming housegown styled with a gracefully full skirt and bodice top, finished with a swallow-winged collar. The material is printed seersucker. Colors available are red with navy, dusty-pink with black, turquoise with pink, pale blue with navy. All are printed on a white background.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 82/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 84/11. Postage, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 70/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/3 extra.

"RUBY." Smart one-piece dress with plunging neckline, unusual skirt detail. The material is printed summer breeze. Color range is: Black-and-white printed on pale blue, pink, pale lemon, and celery-green backgrounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/3. Postage, 1/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/9. Postage, 1/11 extra.

N.B.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 108A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 402F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"Snack"

the only
chocolate
block with
these 4 luscious
centres



No less than twelve separate chocolates in every 1/4-lb. block—that's what "Snack" gives you! Three each of those four mouth-watering centres—and every one lavishly coated with Mac, Robertson's nourishing full-cream milk chocolate. So ask for "Snack"—for your sweet tooth.

Made by **MacRobertson**
The Great Name in Confectionery



BLACK • TAN • DARK TAN • MID-TAN • BROWN • MAHOGANY
OX BLOOD • BLUE • TRANSPARENT DRESSING





"There's Safety in Solyptol"

FOR CUTS AND SCRATCHES



FOR SKIN
INFECTIONS



AND ALL EMERGENCIES!

FOR SORE THROATS



Whenever the skin is broken there is danger of infection . . . but if you always make certain that cuts and scratches are bathed in a solution of Solyptol, germs are killed and the wound sterilised. That is why doctors and hospitals use Solyptol. That is why you should keep a bottle of this powerful, safe antiseptic in your home for any emergency. Accidents are bound to happen to any family, including yours, but . . . "There's Safety in Solyptol."



5 oz. BOTTLE

USED BY HOSPITALS AND
DOCTORS THROUGHOUT
AUSTRALIA

Solyptol

Reg. Trade Mark

antiseptic

IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE



Every shade is N-E-W
in Pond's NEW

Dreamflower Face Powder

Six rich-warm tones

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a liting new warmth and radiance.
"Brunette"—As smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, sawny tinging to glorify your sun-kissed complexion.
"Peach"—A new, wickily flattering peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Camellia"—The delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

FREE! An exciting Beauty Sachet containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

Please send me your Beauty Sachet containing trial size of all six new shades in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

NAME _____
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS _____

W.W.79. P48-1



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/ & 1/3.



Psychology, youth, and beauty

From CAROLYN EARLE,
our beauty expert, in Paris

IN the heart of Paris is Dr. N. G. Payot's modern Institute of Beauty, equipped for advanced treatments, and including a training school for students.

A graduate of the University of Lausanne, Dr. Payot practised for years as a general physician, in both North and South America, while her husband, an engineer, followed his own career.

After she returned to Paris in 1919, Dr. Payot decided to do what she calls "athletic" work, to help women retain a youthful appearance.

Special physical training of the face to keep contours smooth and complexion glowing is part of her treatment, and in a more sure-fire means of retaining a youthful appearance than casually used beauty creams, she says.

Dr. Payot insists, too, that the spiritual and psychological aspect of her work is equally important.

Loveliness, she says, is achieved through character, charm, and womanliness, rather than by perfection of features.

"Balanced living — what we call equilibrium here — is the aim of the treatment," she told me.

Her own youthful appearance betrays her greying curls.

"Women can, and must, do a great deal for themselves in purposeful beauty work," she says. "The best piece of professional advice is this:

"Be sure to take off the face you have worn all day to get morale-lifting results from your eight hours sleep. Not only must cosmetics be removed, but also the tired lines, the thoughts, and expressions that the day has registered there, the mask that events have created.

"And for the health of the skin itself, all the tiny particles of skin that slough off daily must be taken off its surface to make way for the new cells underneath."

"To do this, use your favorite cream or skin food, combined with "active" and "inactive" movements. Though these seem lengthy in explanation, they dovetail into a reasonable pattern in the doing.

"Finger massage is the "inactive" section. There are seven movements altogether. Remember, it is far better to do a little really well. Both hands work in unison, slowly. In tiny circles, so as not to drag the skin through over-zeal.

Here is the routine:

● **Cheeks:** Fingertips at outer cheek level, circle inwards, towards the nose, without touching on the fine under-eye area. Return to the initial position and again circle inwards, repeating the action until the whole cheek is properly conditioned.

● **Mouth:** Holding the lips wide apart and placing the first two fingers of each hand flat on either side, circle up as high as the cheekbone, then turn the hands sideways on and slide them out towards the temples.

The first gymnastic can be performed at this point by firmly pushing lips forward as in blowing up a balloon. Repeat several times until muscles rebel and you've got to rest.

● **Eyes:** Round and round gently,

POSITION for eye gymnastics. Next step is to close the lids tightly, hold, then relax.



DOWNWARD MOVEMENT in the chin-to-chest massage. See story.

first in one direction, then in reverse, pressing lightly on the temples in passing.

Second gymnastic is carried out by placing the first two fingers against the muscle on either side, then screwing the eyes up tightly so that resistance is created.

● **Forehead:** Work inwards from the temples at levels until the surface is covered, then in the same fashion from eyebrows to hairline.

● **Chin to Chest:** Hand over hand, glide gently from the jawline down to the chest. This is to stimulate the circulation towards the region of the heart. Repeat many times, returning to the chin to commence each stroke.

And double-chin gymnastic is to make two fists, place them together under the chin, and push head against hands so that stony muscular resistance is felt. Work in this way backwards and forwards — hands against head, and head against hands — until tired.

● **Jawline:** Pat briskly, but not brutally, along the arch of the jawline, with the back of one hand, then repeat, using both hands alternately.

● **Nose:** Nose massage finishes the treatment. Starting at its bridge, circle along the sides, over the top and particularly over the tip, where flaky pieces of skin gather.

Pinch the nostrils firmly between the thumb and index finger, and flare those small side muscles against the pressure several times.

The final part of Dr. Payot's self-massage is of great importance. Leave the cream on your skin as long as you care to, but she insists the residue must always be wiped off with a turkish towel before getting into bed. This so that the skin may both benefit from your massaging and function freely during sleeping hours, when impurities are cast off.

TREAT BABY'S COLD SERIOUSLY

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MORE serious conditions such as bronchitis or pneumonia may follow a baby's cold if it is neglected.

Build up bodily resistance, allow plenty of fresh air and sunshine as routine measures. Give a sponge at bath-time (from six months), while the cold lasts, and proper food, exercise, and warm, light clothing.

Preventive steps: Try not to take babies or toddlers into crowded places; never travel during peak hours with them; prevent direct contact with any person with a cold or a sore throat.

A leaflet giving suggestions for the prevention and treatment of colds in babies may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

NEW RELIEF!

WHEN YOUR CHILD FEELS

All Choked-Up with a COLD

Intensified
Medication of

"VAPORUB
STEAM"

Brings Instant,
Deep-Down Relief
with Every Breath!



MOTHER, you know what splendid relief your child gets when Vicks VapoRub is rubbed on for a cold. Now, try it this special way for extra relief when your child catches one of those painful, coughing colds that chokes up the bronchial tubes, clogs up the nose, makes throat sore, breathing difficult, phlegm hard to raise. It's "VapoRub Steam!"

Just melt a good spoonful or two of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling hot water, or in a regular vaporizer, and let him in-h-a-l-e the concentrated medicinal vapours.

AH-H! How clear his nose feels . . . how quickly the sore, stuffy passages open up. And, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing, medicated vapours work deep in the inner air-passages that ONLY vapours can reach direct.

These intensified vapours soothe irritation, loosen deep phlegm, relieve congestion and stop coughing spasms almost instantly!

AND, FOR NIGHT-LONG DOUBLE COMFORT:

After the "VapoRub Steam" treatment, rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. Generously! Then, he'll get the full benefit of its prolonged double action during sleep: its soothing, inhaled vapours plus its warming poultice action through the skin. Try it!

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are trademarks.



PAIN
you
can't
explain

YOU HAVE TO
TELL A
"white lie"

When it's your
turn to suffer—take a hint
from thousands of women and remember
it's time for MYZONE . . .

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special **Acterin** (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . surely . . . safely. At all chemists.

★
TRY
MYZONE
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"

I
prefer
NESTLÉ's





ANY of the dishes illustrated — savory omelet, quick fish rings, and sausage croquettes—will make a satisfying main dish for breakfast. Serve porridge or hot stewed fruit first. Round off the meal with toast, marmalade, coffee or tea.

QUICK FISH RINGS

(Fresh fish may be used in place of smoked fish.)

Six circles buttered toast, 6 thick slices tomato, salt, pepper, 1 to 1½ cups cooked, flaked smoked cod, 1 to 1 cup white sauce (saved from a previous meal), squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, few strips parboiled red pepper if desired, parsley to garnish.

Place a tomato slice on each toast circle, dust with salt and pepper. Place under grill 2 or 3 minutes. Fold fish into heated sauce, add chopped parsley and lemon juice. Pour over tomato and toast. Serve piping hot, garnished with strips of red pepper and parsley. Four to 6 servings.

SPINACH PUFFS

(Two or 3 tablespoons diced ham or cooked bacon add flavor interest.)

Two cups finely shredded cooked spinach, 2 tablespoons thick white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, pinch nutmeg, salt, pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 to 1½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Chop spinach finely, mix with sauce, cheese, nutmeg. Season with salt, pepper. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and about half the crumbs. Dip spoonfuls of mixture into balance of crumbs, deep-fry in fuming fat. Drain on clean kitchen paper, serve with grilled tomatoes. For 3 or 4.

SAUSAGE CROQUETTES

(May be prepared overnight for quick cooking in the morning.)

One pound sausage meat, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped (or grated) onion, pinch herbs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 3 tablespoons stock or water, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying.

Place meat, onion, herbs, flour, sauces, and stock or water into saucepan. Stir until meat changes color, cook gently 3 or 4 minutes longer. Fold in parsley, soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Turn on to flat plate, allow to become cold. Using a little extra flour, shape a tablespoonful at a

● Time spent preparing winter breakfasts need not be over long. Much preparation may be done the previous evening.

IF corn potato cakes are to be part of to-morrow's breakfast, cook extra potatoes and peas for dinner.

No winter breakfast is complete without porridge. Wheatmeal or oatmeal porridge may be served with honey, hot stewed fruit, brown sugar, hot milk, cinnamon, orange or lemon rind, or golden syrup.

If the members of the household come in one at a time for the meal, try having them come to the kitchen to be served cafeteria style—they'll get their breakfast hotter, and there will be less running about for the cook.

Whenever possible include fruit in the breakfast menu, cooked, uncooked, or in the form of fresh fruit juice. One half cup of orange or grapefruit juice will supply the recommended daily allowance of vitamin C.

Fruit juices are best unstrained, as the pulp contains valuable minerals. Prepare just before serving.

SAVORY OMELET

(Tomato filling may be prepared overnight.)

One tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 peeled, roughly chopped tomatoes, 1 small, thinly sliced onion, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 or 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato

slices, parsley and extra grated cheese to garnish.

Place tomatoes, onion, and butter in small saucepan. Season with salt and pepper. Cook over low heat until onion is soft. Fold in breadcrumbs and cheese, keep hot. (If prepared overnight do not add crumbs and cheese until mixture is reheated next morning.) Blend flour smoothly with milk, stir over heat until mixture has boiled, and then simmer for 3 minutes. Cool, stir in beaten egg-yolks, salt, and cayenne. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Melt nut of butter in omelet pan, allow to burn, wipe pan with clean kitchen paper. Melt small quantity butter. When hot (but not burnt) pour in omelet mixture. Allow to set and brown underneath over gentle heat. Brown and set top under grill. Lift on to hot serving dish, spread hot tomato mixture on one half, fold over. Garnish with tomato slices, grated cheese, and parsley. Serve at once. Sufficient for 2 large or 3 average servings.

SAUSAGES IN BARBECUE SAUCE

(Use thin-type sausages for quicker cooking.)

Eight to 10 sausages, 1 small chopped onion, 1½ dessertspoons fat, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups water or stock, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tea-

HOT Breakfasts

spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chutney, salt, pepper.

Prick sausages with fork, drop into boiling water. Cover and simmer 8 to 10 minutes while sauce is prepared. Brown onion very lightly in hot fat, add flour and brown. Stir in water or stock and all other ingredients. Drain sausages, remove skins, cut into 1½ lengths. Add to sauce, simmer 5 minutes. Serve hot with crisp, dry toast.

iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook 2 or 3 minutes on either side or until lightly browned. Keep hot over saucepan of boiling water. Sauté pineapple slices in small quantity of hot shortening, turning to brown. Repeat process with tomato slices. Place a tomato slice on each pineapple slice, top with parsnip patty, and serve immediately. For 5 or 6.

CORN POTATO CAKES

(Use mashed potato and green peas saved from previous night's dinner.)

One small tin corn, 1½ to 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 to 1½ cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, small quantity fat, grilled bacon rolls, and parsley to garnish.

Mix corn, potato, and peas until well blended. Add onion and parsley, season with salt and pepper. Shape into flat cakes—if mixture is too soft to handle, add soft breadcrumbs. Coat with egg-glazing, then browned crumbs. Cook gently in small quantity hot fat in shallow pan, turning to brown. Serve hot with grilled bacon rolls and garnish of parsley. For 4 or 5.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PARSNIP PYRAMIDS

(For extra flavor spoon hot tomato purée over pyramids before serving.)

Two cups well-mashed cooked parsnip, 1 beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup flour, salt and pepper to taste, 5 or 6 slices pineapple, 5 or 6 thick slices tomato, small quantity good shortening.

Combine parsnip, beaten egg, parsley, and flour. Mix well, season with salt and pepper. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot greased griddle-

time into croquettes. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. (Croquettes may be prepared to this stage overnight.) Deep-fry golden-brown in fuming fat. Serve hot with grilled bacon rolls, sautéed apple slices, and grilled tomato halves. Pour to five servings.

Sautéed Apple Slices: Wash, dry, and core 1 or 2 red apples. Cut into thick slices, sauté 2 or 3 minutes on each side in small quantity melted shortening.

MINCEMEAT JOHNNY-CAKES

(Serve with brown gravy saved from a baked dinner, or with hot tomato sauce.)

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup minced cooked meat, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Sift flour and salt; add onion, meat, and parsley. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, press out to ¼ in. thickness. Cut into squares. Fry golden-brown in small quantity hot fat in shallow pan. Turn with a knife, cook until brown on other side and cooked through. Serve hot. Makes 8 to 8½ puddings.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 30, 1949

Page 45

Use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER for light feathery Scones, delicious Cakes, crispy Pastries.

'm-m-m..
it's Heinz!



That thick, rich, zesty tomato soup is here! Made from the new season's "Aristocrat" tomatoes—grown specially for Heinz—picked when red-ripe and immediately made into perfect soup—with that smooth texture and lusty Heinz flavour. Buy several tins today.



**HEINZ
TOMATO
SOUP**

*And-try this New
Home Style Tomato Soup—
garnished with vegetables
A delicious new flavour!*

HEINZ
Home Style
**TOMATO
SOUP**

ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES



DELICIOUS
apricot - date loaf,
this week's £10 prize-
winning recipe, is good for
afternoon tea and lunches, spread
with butter or cream cheese. Try it!

Apricot loaf wins £10

APRICOT loaf, awarded the main prize of £10 in this week's cookery contest, was tested and tasted by our food and cookery experts, who liked it, and feel sure that it will win a place in readers' collections of favorite recipes.

Made in a loaf-tin 8½ in. x 5½ in. it cuts into 14 half-inch slices. Only one egg and about 2oz. of shortening are required.

Orange ring cake, made with 1 egg, and a savory meat dish topped with crisp cheese pastry shapes win consolation prizes.

Unusual and interesting recipes are welcomed in this weekly contest. Send as many entries as you like.

Give name and full address (including State) on each page.

In the following recipes all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

APRICOT-DATE LOAF

Two cups sifted flour, 1 cup chopped dried apricots, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 cup melted margarine, butter, or butter substitute.

Coat apricots and dates with a little of the flour. Sift balance of flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Add sugar and fruits. Beat egg, add milk, melted shortening, and orange rind. Fold into dry ingredients. Turn into greased and lined loaf-tin, approximately 8½ in. x 5½ in. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes, before turning out on cake-cooler. Slice when cold, serve spread with butter or cream cheese.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. W. T. Phillips, 162 Hare St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

ORANGE RING CAKE

Two ounces margarine, butter, or butter substitute, grated rind of 1 orange, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 4oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Cream margarine or butter with orange rind and sugar. Add egg, mix well; stir in milk. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder alternately with orange juice. Fill evenly into ring-tin which has been well greased and bottom lined with greased paper.

Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold cover with orange frosting and decorate with oranges and leaves made from frosting.

Orange Frosting:—Soften 1oz. margarine or butter, gradually add 6oz. sifted icing sugar and sufficient orange juice to make a spreading consistency. Reserve 1 tablespoonful and add extra icing sugar to make very stiff. Color a little green, roll thinly and cut out leaves and stems. Color balance orange and roll into small balls with the hands. Spread frosting over cake with broad-bladed knife, rough up slightly and decorate with orange leaves and stems.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Quinn, 17 Catherine St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

SPANISH LAMB WITH GOLDEN CHEESE SHAPES

One and one-half pounds leg chops, 1lb. bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour (seasoned with pepper and salt), 1 onion, 1 cup cubed celery, 1 cup green peas, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup water, 1½ cups tomato purée, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of cayenne pepper.

Trim chops, coat with seasoned flour; fry lightly in hot fat. Remove chops, add coarsely chopped bacon and peeled, sliced onion; cook until tender. Place chops in greased casserole, add bacon and onion. Mix sugar and salt with balance of flour, sprinkle over chops. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, and water to tomato purée, pour into casserole dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ hours. Add peas and celery, cook further 30 to 35 minutes. Serve piping hot topped with golden cheese shapes.

Golden Cheese Shapes:—Sift 2oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt and cayenne pepper. Rub in 3oz. good shortening. Add 3oz. grated cheese. Mix to a stiff dough with 1 egg-yolk beaten with squeeze of lemon juice and 1 tablespoon water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to ¼ in. thickness. Cut into shapes, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with extra grated cheese and a dusting of cayenne pepper. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 7 to 10 minutes until lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Sparkman, 23 Viva St., Glen Iris, S.E. Vic.



LUSCIOUS cake for your next supper party, orange ring cake, shown left, wins a consolation prize in this week's cookery contest. See recipe above.

HUSKY LAD



COLIN MOON, of Union St., West Brunswick, Vic., is a typical healthy Australian boy. Like so many of today's children, Colin owes much of his splendid health to delicious Vegemite, the vitamin-rich yeast extract which, his mother says, he has enjoyed since he was a baby. Infant Welfare Centres everywhere recommend Vegemite for children from the age of six months. Children love its tasty flavour and they need its nourishing goodness. Vegemite is richer in vitamins, niacin and riboflavin. It's tastier and costs less.

**FASTER
RELIEF FROM
COUGHS
COLDS**
WITH
EDINBURGH
COUGH MIXTURE

CONTAINING
Lantigen 'A'

Anti-Cold Oral Vaccine!

To the finest cough linctus has been added Lantigen 'A', famous anti-cold Oral Vaccine. This way you get...

DOUBLE BENEFIT

1. The soothing, healing action of the finest therapeutic cough linctus gives instant relief, faster complete recovery.
2. In addition, the Lantigen 'A' anti-cold vaccine clears away germ attack... helps to build up natural resistance to further infection.

Finest
Cough
Linctus

Lantigen 'A'
anti-cold
Oral Vaccine

=EDINBURGH
COUGH MIXTURE
From Chemists only
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.



BABY LOVES

to revel in the delightful cream-like lather of Cuticura Soap. It keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

530

**Cuticura
SOAP**

**TWO HEADS ARE
BETTER THAN ONE**

*in
Home Modernising*



Above are three beautiful rooms—bedroom, sunroom and kitchen. All furniture and interior surfaces were finished in "DULUX."

C O L O U R
M A G I C
F O L L O W S
T H E
"D U L U X"
B R U S H



"What a thrill for us both when we saw our home blossoming out like new in all the fresh beauty of 'DULUX' colours, even lovelier than we ever pictured it! Our combined ideas, using our colour sense (and common sense!), together with all the wonderful qualities of 'DULUX,' have given us a home we're truly proud of!"

"DULUX" is so easy to use—flows on so evenly—dries so quickly—stays bright and smiling (with just a damp cloth now and then!). "DULUX" is so wonderfully HARD—it stands knocks and wear—is always "lovely to live with."

For general exterior house painting, use "DULUX" Paint Type 387 Line.

Products of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth.



These handy booklets outline very simply the correct way to apply "Dulux" to obtain the full benefit of its durability and beauty. . . . Send coupon to British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 21, Concord, N.S.W.

Please forward—Post Free—my FREE copies of the "Dulux" Folder and Manual on its Application.

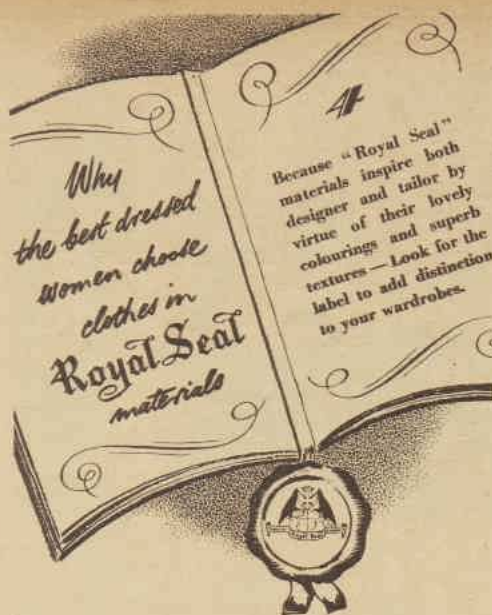
NAME

ADDRESS

W.W.307



THE SYNTHETIC FINISH
Supersedes Enamels and Varnishes



Royal Seal
SYMBOL OF FINEST FABRICS
BRITISH MADE

HOLLAND & LEWIS (Ladies' Fabrics) LTD., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.
Represented in Australia by:
MR. WILLIAM BECKER, MERINO HOUSE, 57/59 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.



JOINT PAINS

that's where the pain
USED to be

The delights of freedom are doubled when De Witt's Pills release you from the crippling imprisonment of joint pains. Not everybody realises that the kidneys play a vital part in maintaining the health of the whole body. Their task is to filter and expel waste matter and impurities.

If the kidneys become slack or sluggish, these impurities remain in the system and may set up all sorts of rheumatic mischief. De Witt's Pills go right to the root of the trouble—they are made specially to cleanse and tone up the kidneys.

How well De Witt's Pills do the job may be judged by the remarkable reputation which they have built up all over the world. You can skip through the housework with a song, go shopping with a smile and work with a will once those tired kidneys are restored to healthy activity.

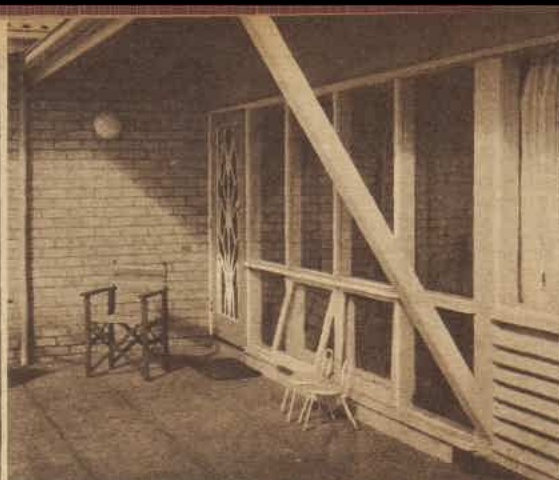
Go to your chemist or store and get De Witt's Pills for your joint pains, and you, too, will be able to say: "That's where the pain used to be!" For economy, buy the 5/9 size—it contains two and a half times the quantity of the 3/- size.

DE WITT'S PILLS
For Kidney and Bladder Troubles



Brother Bill, who studies,

MAZDA
LAMPS
stay brighter longer



SECTIONAL VIEW of front entrance to Mr. and Mrs. R. Pascoe's home showing roof-overhang construction, floor ventilation windows, and part of the fixed timber louvers for bedroom ventilation.



ATTRACTIVE built-in dressing-table in the pretty pink-and-blue room occupied by four-year-old Diane.

Solar house at Geelong . . .

By EYE GYE

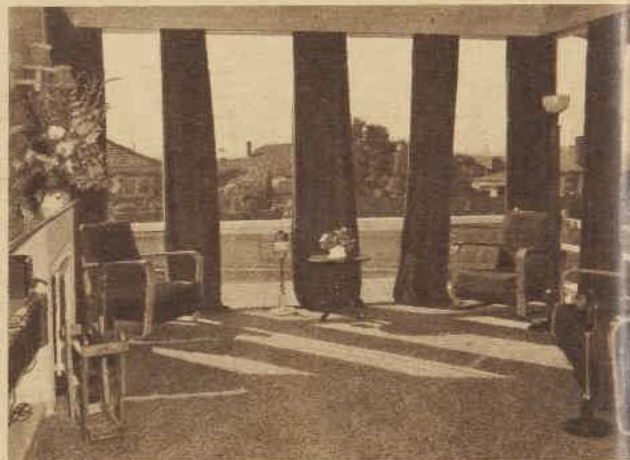
Editor of Our Homemaker Department

JOHN MOCKRIDGE, who designed the Geelong (Victoria) home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Pascoe at Manifold Heights, glimpses of which are shown on these pages, believes in the free use of glass in home building.

He is convinced that glass has psychological as well as practical value. It can "bring" the whole outdoors right into the house, and, by minimising the boundary between outside and inside, glass walls seem to enlarge the space, and even small rooms appear larger.

Wide roof-overhangs protect the extensive glass areas from midsummer sun, but the winter sun may penetrate deeply into rooms.

Other architectural features of this home of interest to prospective builders are: Lounge is cantilevered about six feet out over stone wall; fixed timber louvers under main bedroom windows for ventilation, with rear adjustable flap; inclusion of observation window between dining-area wall in living-room and kitchen meal alcove (see plan), so that children can be seen but not



SECTION OF LOUNGE showing glass walls of cantilever area. (See exterior view top-right picture.) Side walls are grey-green and rear wall is chocolate; ceiling is white. A sage-green carpet covers the floor. Heavy rusty-tan curtains drape windows.

heard unduly at mealtimes. Another feature is the built-in furniture, which makes for economical furnishing.

Needless to say, the Pascoe family are enchanted with their home, which is built on a gentle slope, with lovely views across the bay.

MATCHING TWOSOME

Continued from page 40

1st Row: Cast off 10 sts., work in patt. to the end of the row.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Work in patt. to the end of the row.

3rd and 5th Rows: Same as 1st row.

7th Row: Cast off remaining patt. sts., k 8.

Work in garter-stitch on these 8 sts. for 2in.

Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts.

1st Row: K 8, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 8.

3rd Row: K 4, cast off 3 sts., * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 1, cast on 3 sts., k 4.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 5in. from commencement. Change to No. 10 needles, and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Purl to last 18 sts., (3 in 1, p 3 tog.) twice, 3 in 1, p 1, k 8.

2nd Row: K 9, p 11, knit to end of row.

3rd Row: Purl to last 20 sts., (p 3 tog., 3 in 1) twice, p 3 tog., p 1, k 8.

4th Row: K 4, cast off 3 sts., k 1, p 9, knit to end of the row.

5th Row: Inc. once in first st., purl to last 18 sts., (3 in 1, p 3 tog.) twice, 3 in 1, p 1, k 1, cast on 3 sts., k 4. Cont. in patt., inc. once at the beg. of every following 6th row until there are 82 sts. on the needle, and making a buttonhole as before every 3in. (5 buttonholes). Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends of needle.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 132 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to the end of the row.

Rep. this row for 5in. Change to No. 10 needles, and proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows once. Inc. once at each end of the needle in the next and every following 8th row until there are 148 st. on the needle.

Work without further shaping until work measures 14in. from commencement. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of the needle in next and every alt. row until 110 sts. remain. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front armhole. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 20 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 30 sts., turn.

7th and 8th Rows: Work to last 38 sts., turn.

9th Row: Work to the end of the row.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 stitches.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. this row for 3in. Change to No. 10 needles, and work in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of the needle in next and every following 8th row until there are 70

sts. on needle, and then each end of every 6th row until there are 106 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 17in. from commencement. Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 66 sts. remain, then each end of every row until 30 sts. remain.

Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

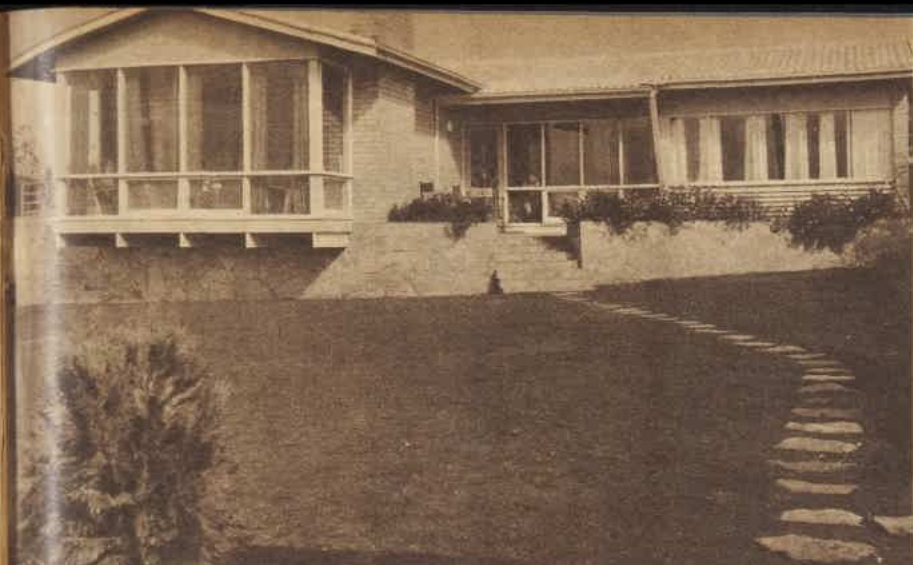
With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Backstitch the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Backstitch the sleeves in, placing seam to seam. Sew border together at centre back, and sew in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew in shoulder-pads.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN I use glass jars to protect plants, I ensure a good supply of air by balancing the jars on two sticks so that the mouths are just off the ground.

I KEEP parsley for garnishing in shape by putting into a tall glass jar just after washing and while the leaves are still wet, then screwing top on firmly and putting it in the refrigerator—power permitting.

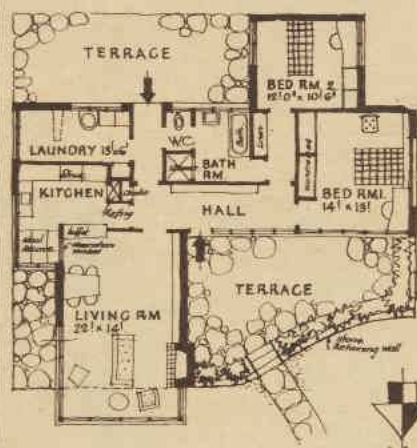
DON'T tie wrapping-paper round candles to make them fit the holder. Split the ends with a long knife for about an inch. Then spread the sections a little and force into the holder.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH of Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe's home was taken from the front garden. House is constructed of veneered bricks with a stone foundation and corrugated asbestos roof. Shrubs of varying types are used as a substitute for the front fence.



MEAL ALCOVE in cherry-and-white kitchen, which is expertly designed. From the windows can be seen the bay over the roof-tops.



GROUND PLAN of the house, embodying several unusual features which will be of interest to prospective builders. See story on page 48.

Wistaria needs sunny position

Few plants known to-day grow more vigorously and provide so much color and beauty as the glorious wistaria.

The variety commonly grown is wistaria sinensis, which, as its name denotes, is a native of China. When grown in suitable soil, and it requires deep, rich loam that does not dry out too much in hot

weather, one plant will cover 200 square feet of space, if properly trained and well supported.

At this time of the year rooted, layered cuttings will transplant well, and should flower after the first year or two if given a sunny position. They are at their picturesque best when allowed to grow at will up an old tree or if carefully trained over a tall, open pergola, where their drooping

blossoms of lavender or white, according to the variety, will hang suspended in spring.

But, in addition to being grown over arches, on walls, fences, or buildings, with strong supports to carry their thick and heavy branches, and equally ponderous masses of foliage and flowers, they can be grown as standards.

Good use of standard wistarias has been made in the Sydney Botanic Gardens.

Wistarias often disappoint by not flowering for many years. These non-producers are invariably seedlings, and it is highly uncertain as to when they will reach the flowering stage. Restriction of the root run and shortening of the long shoots in midsummer may often force such plants to produce flowers.

To avoid such disappointing results, it pays to plant grafted or layered plants from flowering specimens. The spring crop is borne on spurs, and in very cold, frosty districts the buds are often winter-killed. A small crop of flowers is often produced late in summer on young growth of the current season.

The shoots of the current season should be cut back to within two or three buds of their point of growth at the time when they have nearly attained their maximum growth. This is usually done in warm coastal parts of Australia round about January.

Another frequent cause of non-flowering is planting the vines in deep shade. The plant requires an open, sunny position for best results.—Our Home Gardener.



AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST WISTARIA VINE. It is growing in the grounds of a public institution at Parramatta, N.S.W., and is said to be well over 100 years old. Vine extends about 100 yards or more.

SPOTLIGHT ON QUALITY

For those who **PREFER** the **BEST** in **SPAGHETTI** with **CHEESE**

Rosella
Of Course!

This Name
ON SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
Erin-Art
A PIONEER PRODUCT
IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin-Art sheets and Erin-Art pillow cases keep their smooth texture and whiteness even after constant laundering.



NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



A.M.

Australia's Leading National
Monthly Journal.
AT ALL NEWSAGENTS
AND BOOKSTALLS. 1/-.

Just for completing a JINGLE about **New Rinso**

£592



1st PRIZE
(for best entry over the 12 contests)
HANDSOME
VAUXHALL TOURER

OVER

£4,000
IN PRIZES



3
ENGLISH HOTPOINT
WASHING MACHINES
TO BE GIVEN AWAY
EACH WEEK



7
HOTPOINT
ELECTRIC IRONS
TO BE GIVEN AWAY
EACH WEEK



ENTER NOW!

12 WEEKLY CONTESTS—you can be in them all. Contests open and close every Thursday.

	OPENS	CLOSES
1st Contest	Thurs., 21st July	Thurs., 28th July
2nd Contest	Thurs., 28th July	Thurs., 4th Aug.
3rd Contest	Thurs., 4th Aug.	Thurs., 11th Aug.
4th Contest	Thurs., 11th Aug.	Thurs., 18th Aug.
5th Contest	Thurs., 18th Aug.	Thurs., 25th Aug.
6th Contest	Thurs., 25th Aug.	Thurs., 1st Sept.
7th Contest	Thurs., 1st Sept.	Thurs., 8th Sept.
8th Contest	Thurs., 8th Sept.	Thurs., 15th Sept.
9th Contest	Thurs., 15th Sept.	Thurs., 22nd Sept.
10th Contest	Thurs., 22nd Sept.	Thurs., 29th Sept.
11th Contest	Thurs., 29th Sept.	Thurs., 6th Oct.
12th Contest	Thurs., 6th Oct.	Thurs., 13th Oct.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER THE RINSO JINGLE CONTEST

- Write a last line for the New Rinso jingle shown here.
- Get an entry form, free, from the store where you deal. It contains the rules which govern this contest . . . but you have in this advertisement all the information you need to get started.
- Write your entry in the space provided on the entry form. You may send in only one entry per contest, but a new contest starts every Thursday and you can enter them all.
- Prize winners will be announced by Dick Fair over "Australia's Amateur Hour" on Thursday nights.

FINISH THIS JINGLE

New Rinso washes white clothes whiter
Than when they were brand-new
New Rinso washes coloureds brighter.

Just fill in last line
in your own words.
Use official entry
form.

EXAMPLE: *"To magic suds it's due."*

Here are some reasons why you'll like New RINSO. You'll find many more!

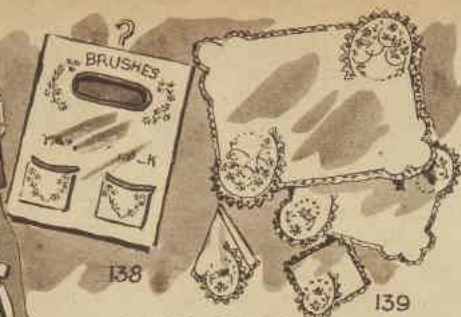
NEW RINGO TAKES EVERY PRIZE. WITH NEW MAGIC IN IT'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS, RINSO WASHES WHITES WHITER THAN BRAND-NEW.

EVEN CLOTHES I'VE HAD FOR YEARS COME UP WITH NEW WHITENESS AND BRIGHTNESS THANKS TO NEW RINSO.

AND LOOK AT MY COLOURED! THEY'RE BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW!

NEW Rinso
WASHES BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW

GET FREE ENTRY FORMS FROM YOUR STORE!



• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 135—BIB SET
Three dainty little bibs traced ready to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, or blue, and on cream organza. Ribbon is supplied with the No. 1 design.

Price: No. 1, 2/3. Postage 2 1/2d. extra. Nos. 2 and 3, 1/9 each. Postage 2 1/2d. extra.
No. 136—LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN
This snug nightgown of lemon flannelette is cut out ready to make and embroider. For girls 2-6 years. Full instructions are given.

Sizes: Length, 36in., 2 yrs., 7/11. Postage 3 1/2d. extra. Length, 31in., 3 yrs., 5/6. Postage 10 1/2d. extra. Length, 32in., 4 yrs., 9/9. Postage 11 1/2d. extra. Length, 37in., 5-6 yrs., 10/11. Postage 1/1 extra.
No. 137—STRIPED FROCK
An easily laundered frock, with a scooped neckline and frilled shoulders. It is cut out ready for you to machine in variegated striped cambric with a white ground including blue, red, lemon, green, and brown stripes.

Sizes: 22in. and 34in. bust, 24/11. Postage 1/6 extra. 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage 1/6 extra.
No. 138—BRUSH TIDY
Ready to make up and embroider in gay colors, this brush compact will launder well. The material is blue, beige, pink, lemon, or grey cotton. The hanger is not supplied. Price 4/6. Postage 4 1/2d. extra.
No. 139—LUNCHEON SET
Traced ready to embroider, set comes in heavy cream Irish linen, sheer linen in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green and white, or British cotton, in shades of apple-green, lemon, pastel pink or blue.

The centre mat measures 17in. x 11in., the plate mats 11in. x 11in., the cup-and-saucer mats 5 1/2in. x 5 1/2in., and the serviettes 17in. x 11in. Nine-piece set comprising 1 centre, 4 plate, 4 cup-and-saucer mats is priced at 14/11 in linen; 10/11 in cotton. Postage 10 1/2d. extra for each.
Thirteen-piece set, 1 centre, 6 plate, 8 cup-and-saucer mats, 16/11 in linen; 12/11 in cotton. Postage 1/1 extra for each. Serviettes, linen 1/2 each, cotton 8d. each. Postage 1 1/2d. extra for each.

When selecting Needlework Notions Nos. 135, 137, 138, 139, please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5583. — Three-piece lingerie set with attractive lace trim. Sizes 32-in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 1 1/2in. insertion, and 3yds. 1 1/2in. lace for nightgown; 2 1/2yds. 36in. material and 4yds. 1 1/2in. lace for slip; 1yd. 36in. material and 2yds. 1 1/2in. lace for scanties. Price, 3/6.

F5584. — Small girl's one-piece with contrast trim. Sizes 20in., 32in., and 27in. length for 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2 1/2yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5585. — Attractive pinafore and long-sleeved blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2yds. 54in. material for pinafore and 2 1/2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price, 2/8.

F5586. — Tailored short-sleeved overall. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5587. — One-piece with pretty skirt drape and contrast for trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/4.

F5588. — Softly styled one-piece has a shoulder yoke and all round pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.



If your eyes have lost their sparkle and the world seems just a bore—your tongue will tell you why! If it's white and coated—you need a course of Eno's. Eno is the best of all ways to lighten up your liver, and clear your blood of poisons. A bright and sparkling drink in itself—but nothing in the brightness and sparkle it will give you. Change your name from dull to bright!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' for cheerful livers

2/3 & 3/9 a bottle



FIT AT FIFTY!

Thousands owe their buoyant energy in middle and later life to healthy kidney action. A slowing down of kidney functioning in middle life is often a cause of backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Get happy relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-dietetic made to rigid standards of purity, especially to promote healthy kidney action. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called FASTEETH sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. FASTEETH does not thin out or wash away. Try FASTEETH and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

fortuna cloth

Bushells

China

Tea



BUY A PACKET - TO-DAY